

The **H** Magazine for the Christian Home
Hearthstone

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- A Healthy Personality for Your Child - James L. Hymes, Jr.
- A Mother's Decision (Thomas A. Edison: His Parents and Early Home Life) - Ward S. Miller

The Magazine for the Christian Home **Hearthstone**

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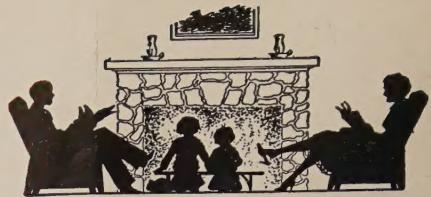
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LOVE

Not love but the capacity to love is inborn. We develop the ability to love; we learn to love. But we can only learn to love by first knowing what it means to be loved.

Fortunate is the child born into a home where love is the driving power; where parents love one another and shower wholehearted love upon each newborn son and daughter. Fortunate is the child born into a home where love flows out beyond the family circle, to relatives and friends, to neighbors and workday associates.

Fortunate is the child born into a Christian home where he constantly receives proof of affection and, with that, respect for himself as an individual. When these needs are satisfied, he can then more easily solve his own problems, overcome inadequacies, and make the many adjustments that come with growing up.

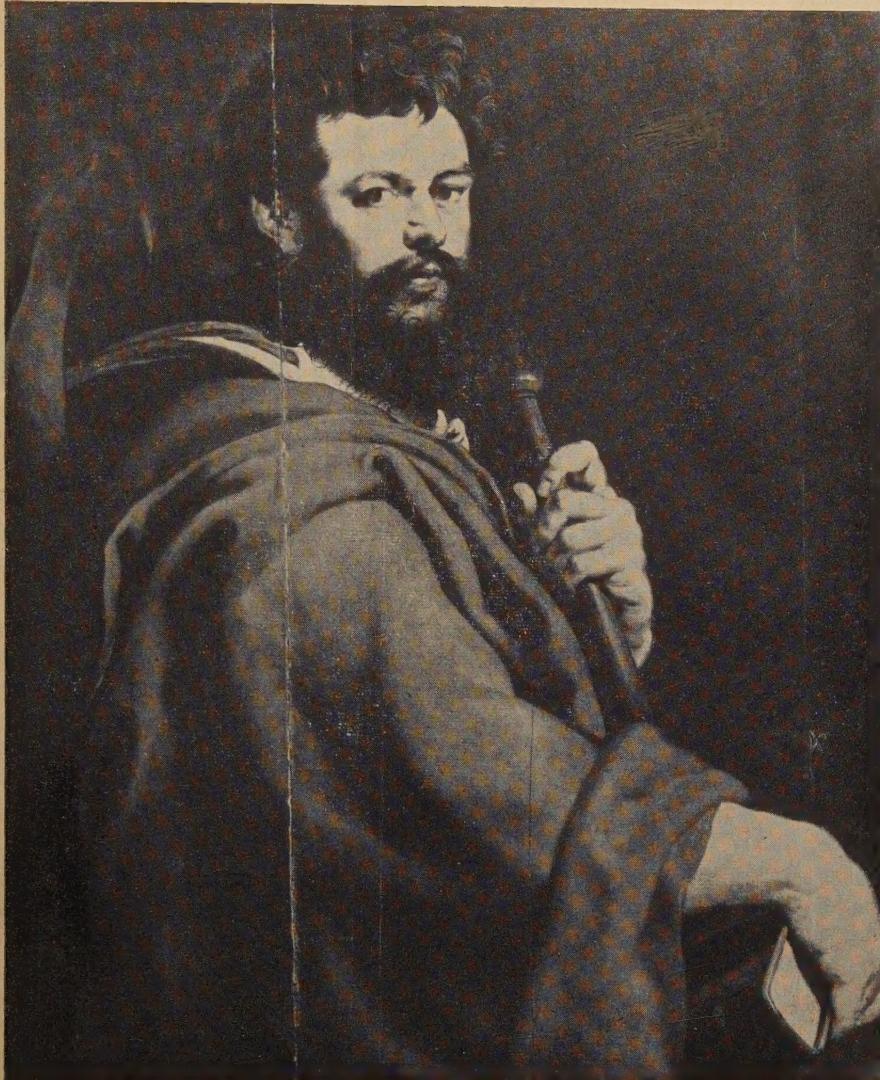
Perhaps our Cover mother has these thoughts in mind as she teaches her children about Jesus and his love for little children; about Jesus and his great commandment, "Love one another."

● This Issue . . . It's up to its staples in good things to read. For February's the month of love and of birthdays of great Americans. One of these, Thomas A. Edison, is featured in "A Mother's Decision." We find love the underlying theme in "A Healthy Personality for Your Child," "When You Fail" (it's for teen-agers), "Every Child a 'Problem' Child," and, of course, in "Grandmother Becomes a Mother." For those you love, plan a party, using "Dr. Valentine's Heart Clinic" for the party plan.

Speaking of Valentines, we'd like one from you. Not a heartshaped one on frilly paper, but a note on any kind of paper. Tell us (1) what you liked in this issue and in the two previous ones; (2) who reads *Hearthstone* in your home; (3) what you do with the old issues. Also, tell us about your family. We want to know you better; then we can serve you better.

● Next Month . . . Robert A. Millikan is the subject of the feature article. Titles of other articles are listed on page 28. The way it looks, the next issue will be almost too full to get the staples on!

—I.P.B.



Three Lions.

*Painting by Peter Paul Rubens
Flemish School: 1577-1640*

James

And going on a little farther, he [Jesus] saw James the son of Zebedee and John his brother, who were in their boat mending the nets. And immediately he called them; and they left their father Zebedee in the boat with the hired servants, and followed him.

—MARK 1:19-20

And he went up into the hills, and called to him those whom he desired; and they came to him. And he appointed twelve, to be with him, and to be sent out to preach and have authority to cast out demons: . . . James the son of Zebedee and John the brother of James,

whom he surnamed Boanerges, that is, sons of thunder; . . .

—MARK 3:13-17

And after six days Jesus took with him Peter and James and John, and led them up a high mountain apart by themselves; and he was transfigured before them, and his garments became glistening, intensely white, as no fuller on earth could bleach them.

—MARK 9:2-3

About that time Herod the king laid violent hands upon some who belonged to the church. He killed James the brother of John with the sword.

—ACTS 12:1-2



—Harold M. Lambert.

"In minor illnesses, my different attitude and my sense of spiritual guidance helped minimize their impact, both on the children and myself."

TO FIND MYSELF at forty-five with the complete responsibility of caring for three-year-old Ted and five-year-old Ellen, my grandchildren, came as a great shock. Especially since, as a recent widow, I was trying to rebuild my life after nursing my husband through a painful, lingering illness.

When my daughter stormed home to me, with one child in her arms, the other clutched by the hand, and declared vehemently, "I'm separating from Tom, and don't try to stop me," my quiet world seemed to split apart before my eyes.

From the day of her birth, twenty-four years before, Della had been the center of John's and my universe. We thought only of her happiness. Even the grievous loss of my husband had been softened somewhat by the happy belief that she was ideally married.

John and I had married out of high school. Della had been a college freshman bride. Tom was a fine young lad on his way up in his chosen field of electrical engineering.

To have her tell me now that her marriage was a failure, seemed so nerve-shattering, so cataclysmic that I wanted to cover my head as against an atom bomb attack.

But an even greater blow awaited me. Both Tom and Della, being hot-tempered, impatient, decided on

Here a second-chance mother makes comparisons—and that's not easy to do. Whether you're a parent or grandparent, her frank self-analysis may help you

Grandmother Becomes

an immediate breakup, and she planned to make a complete sweep of her married life by getting a job in a distant city. Already she had the promise of a good one in the office of a friend of John's.

"And of course, Mom," she wound up, giving me the sweet, trusting smile I never could resist, "you won't mind my leaving the children with you until I get fairly well settled, and can make a home for the three of us. It'll only be six months or so," she added hopefully.

That was when my design for a quiet, lonely life blew up in my face.

Well, not for a mere six months, but for three strenuous, rewarding years I was mother and father to the two children, for Della was able to come home only during her infrequent and brief vacations. And Tom's work took him to Alaska. The entire responsibility for the two little ones rested on my shoulders.

The day before Della brought the children with all their impedimenta, I sat before the oil painting of my husband that hung over the living room mantel. Ever since his death, I'd formed the habit of communing with him silently in moments of stress. Now his fine, compassionate eyes seemed to hold mine firmly, and I could almost hear him say, "Here's your chance, my dear, to do a better job the second time."

Taking stock of myself and the situation helped me realize the changes I'd have to make in my way of living when I took entire charge of my grandchildren. I couldn't devote myself so wholeheartedly to my cherished activities and projects like being a Friendly Visitor at the Monteith Home for the Aged, my book club, my church commitments.

I gained strength and assurance, too, from reflecting on my own childhood. I was the youngest of seven—four boys and three girls. Our parents always had a much smaller income than had my lawyer husband and I, or Della and Tom. Yet our mother was always even-tempered and lighthearted, no matter what our needs or desires were, and our father was a jolly pal. I'm certain that we youngsters had a happier, more wholesome, more normal existence than my own child. Why?

I pondered that question long and earnestly before the answer came. In a family of nine, operating

By Mrs. R. P. Clancy

Mother

on a country doctor's limited finances, it was all but impossible for our parents to spoil us, indulge us excessively even if they'd wanted to.

In my soul-searching I realized sharply how wrong John and I had been in rearing our one ewe lamb. Besides lavishing all sorts of material things, luxuries, on her, we gave her too much attention, an almost slavish devotion, shielded her from every rough wind like a hot-house plant, worried over her, gave her an exaggerated idea of her importance.

A week after her sudden, shattering announcement that she and Tom were going their separate paths, Della departed, leaving me to begin my difficult experiment as foster mother.

I was afraid Ted and Ellen would be very lonesome and weepy, mourning their mother's and father's absence loudly and often. But they took it matter-of-factly, and seldom referred to either parent after the first few days with me. Whenever I had visited at their home, they called Della "Mommy" and me "Gran." Right after Della left, Ellen began calling me "Mommy" and Ted soon did the same.

Through careful observation I soon began to learn their different individualities and respected them. One day they wanted me to play some game with them on the floor. Being now on their level physically, I was readily accepted as their playmate, someone of their own age. I was amazed to find how changed my own viewpoint was from the eye level of two feet instead of that of an adult of over five feet.

After that, I always tried to consider every situation from their angle as well as from my own. So long as anything they undertook wasn't dangerous to themselves or to others, I let them follow their own impulses. Ted got many a fall trying to climb, but he disregarded the bumps, and triumphed at last in scaling the heights he aimed at. And Ellen learned to handle needle and scissors long before I had let Della start to sew.

Always I had catered to my child's finicky appetite. I did no catering to the tastes of my grandchildren. I set wholesome, nourishing

"I soon began to learn their individualities and respected them."

food before them, and they both ate heartily, vying with each other in "cleaning their plates." And I was rewarded by seeing their small bodies develop.

Soon I learned not to let any undesirable trait or habit get started. Fears, for instance. We all know that many adults are neurotic because of fear-complexes that doubtless had their beginnings in early childhood. At the outset, Ted and Ellen seemed timid about going to bed. Perhaps a nurse had frightened them about the dark. The first night they stayed with me, Ellen asked nervously, getting into her pajamas, "There aren't any really-truly bad spirits in the dark, are there, Mommy?"

I reassured her as best I could, but when she asked the same timorous question the following evening, I took both children out doors. We explored all the tree-shadows. Then I said, "See how quiet and peaceful it is in the yard. Look up in the sky. That's God's home. And isn't it beautiful?"

Darkness held no terrors for them after that.

Possibly the greatest mistake we made in Della's upbringing, I reasoned now, was that we gave her no real religious training. My husband liked to play golf Sundays—his only day free from business—and he took our child to the club with him.

He would always say, "Fresh air'll do her more good than being shut up in church school."

Weakly I agreed to the arrangement, and went to church alone. Deep in my heart I missed the anchor that religion had been in my childhood home. But I did nothing about it in my own home. John was a fine man in every sense of the word. But he never went to church, and never read the Bible.

The very first Sunday Ted and Ellen were with me, I took them to church school. They both liked

—Eva Luoma.



it, and fussed when bad weather or some minor illness made them miss it. I taught them their prayers, had them say grace at meals, read to them every day from the Scriptures, and tried to make them feel that God and Jesus were their real friends. My own deep faith seemed to communicate itself to them.

I followed an entirely different way of allotting tasks, suited to their years and capabilities, and spending money, than I had with Della. She had had no little household chores, but I gave her an allowance, far too generous for her own good, as I see it now. She expected it, accepted it as a matter of course, and was constantly demanding and getting more money. With her father she was always a little gold-digger.

Ted and Ellen got an allowance from me. But it was small and had to be "earned." As soon as Ellen began asking for pennies so that, like her playmates or kindergarten friends, she could buy a toy or candy, I encouraged her to do something to earn the pennies as "big people do." She ran little errands, did small jobs about the house, like dusting her own room and helping me make beds.

Ted likewise was started on simple duties. Both children came to take pride in their "jobs," and soon began to have a greater sense of the value of money than their mother ever had, and a much healthier regard for work well done.

It would be far from the truth to imply that during the three years I was responsible for Ted's and Ellen's upbringing, it was always smooth sailing. It was definitely not. There was plenty of rough weather, days when everything seemed about to be

"Aw, They Ain't Dirty!"

Of soil conservationists,
This one should rate first place:
The lad who spurns ablutions for
His grimy hands and face!

—INA S. STOVALL

swept overboard. There were, naturally, the usual childish accidents, the usual minor illnesses of childhood. But my different attitude, my own strong sense of spiritual guidance helped minimize the impact of all these, both on the children and on myself.

For instance, Ted was a husky, adventurous little boy with a superlatively lively curiosity about everything and everybody in this "great, wide, wonderful world." So, often his tours of investigation led him into accidents and scrapes.

When Della had some small mishap, I'd snatch her to my bosom, and with cries of sympathy and kisses, try to comfort her. I intensified, prolonged, magnified the affair for Della, and a bad emotional habit was set up in mother and child. In Ted's case I sought to assuage his pain calmly, and he soon acquired a kind of stoicism about his little bruises.

When my grandchildren had whooping cough or measles, first-rate medical attention, a matter-of-fact treatment of the small patient, and my own awareness that the trouble was merely temporary, made things easier for the sufferer and me, and was doubtless far more efficacious than my old-time frantic and distracted frame of mind when Della was only slightly ill.

Well, my three years of mothering my grandchildren has had an unexpected and highly gratifying effect on two other persons beside Ted, Ellen, and me. A long letter from Della had surprising news.

"—so Tom came to see me last Sunday, and we talked things out like adults, and cleaned the slate. We're going to make a fresh start together again.

"You've been simply wonderful, mother darling, and I see now how much of the trouble in our married life came because I was selfish, spoiled, willful. Earning my own living these long years, missing the children, my home and—Tom, have taught me a good deal about life and living.

"Your letters, too, have opened our eyes to our responsibilities as parents.

"When we're settled in our home again, we're going to be good church members, and the children will go to church school regularly."

So today I sit with pleasant memories of three full years, already lonesome for the children, but planning the pattern of my own future.

Do you know what I'm going to do next? I'm taking on the job of week-end mother for a young couple down the block. They need a vacation badly. Would you like me to help you out some week end?

WILBUR



"Got any stamps you want licked?"



"This healthy personality is inside. It shows outside too. When it is in your youngster, his inner peace breaks through."

—A. Devaney.

A Healthy Personality for Your Child

by James L. Hymes, Jr.

Professor of Education, George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tennessee; author of the recent book Effective Home-School Relations

This is the first in a series of five articles by Dr. Hymes. They are reprinted from a pamphlet entitled, "A Healthy Personality for Your Child," published by the Children's Bureau, the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, Social Security Administration, Washington, D. C. Because of their importance to all parents, Hearthstone has obtained permission to reprint the entire series.

EVERY PARENT dreams a dream for his child. This is one of the exciting things about America. We can dare to hope.

Not that we all want a future President in our family. But we do dream that our children will have good friends, a pleasant

home, an interesting job. . . . Democracy's dream is that all children have this.

Sometimes dreams of cash or health or jobs crack up, and no one is to blame. There is one dream you can have, however. One dream that you can surely

help come true: *That your child shall have a healthy personality.*

Not personality of the skin-deep kind: bright teeth, nice hair, big smile . . . the kind of personality you see on the billboards and in the movies. You can help your child build something deeper than that. You can help him build his personality inside of himself—how he feels; the kind of person he is; the way he acts; the kind of thoughts he has. You can help him build his whole being.

This is his personality *inside*: his easiness and comfortableness, his contentment and sureness and

To Build a Healthy Personality for Your Child . . .

1. Start NOW, and work at it day by day, day after day.
2. Help your child in his efforts; believe in him; guide and support him.
3. Not words but signs may tell his needs; read the signs his behavior gives you.
4. Your child wants to grow; help him get the growth-essentials he needs and wants, and at the time when he needs them most.

peacefulness. You can help build the good feelings that he will need, be he rich or poor, President or John Q. Citizen, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief. You can help your child become a happy and strong-feeling person—a person who can see clearly and be realistic in his approach not only to his own problems but to the larger issues that affect every human being. He must be able to take his place as a citizen of his own country and as a citizen of the world.

This healthy personality is inside. It shows outside too. When it is in your youngster, his inner peace breaks through. You spot it in all he does: in the good way he works with other people, in the clear way he gets at problems, in the able way he takes what life brings, in the way he is able to put into practice his spiritual beliefs and ideals.

This healthy personality is inside and outside and all around. For this is the person. And you, parents, have a large hand in helping him to grow.

A Big Dream

If you want this for your child the time to start is now, whatever his age. At the very beginning of your youngster's life, if your child has just been born. On his sixth or his tenth or his fourteenth birthday, if that is today.

But Now

You work at it day by day, day after day, every day through all

the little things that you do and don't do.

This sounds like a big job but it adds up to simply living with your child, to caring for him, to trying to see that he gets what he needs for his good life . . . when he is new-born, 1 year old and 6 and 9 and 14.

It is a simply everyday business and your youngster is in the business every bit as much as you are.

He Does the Work

This healthy personality—or call it real inner happiness—is something he wants for himself. His whole human nature pushes him toward it. He is really the one who does the work.

He will always be seeking out what he wants and needs. He will always be trying to let you and the whole world know when there is something that matters very much to him. Humans are made so that we all try to get, one way or the other, what we need to live. That means that your child plays the really active part.

You go along with your youngster. You help him in his efforts. You smooth the road.

This is all-important. Your youngster does not stand much chance of success unless you do your share. But your share is this special kind of "work": helper, friend, supporter, guide. You know that the youngster has to live his own life. *He* is the one

who has the wants and urges inside of him. You side with him. You believe in him. You back him up in what he is after.

No Words

One thing makes it hard: a child often has trouble putting what he wants into words. He rarely uses words, in fact, for what we are talking about here.

Children do say: "I want a bike. . . . I want a book. . . . I want a ball. . . ." They will say this day after day from the time they can talk. Sometimes you answer "Yes" and sometimes you answer "No." But all these nameable, touchable, buyable holdables do not mean as much to a youngster as we sometimes think . . . or as he sometimes wants us to think. You can say "Yes" or "No" to them and it does not matter very much.

But there are other wants deep down inside of him. There are other desires that go all through his being. There are needs so spread out in all of him that he can't find the words to sum them up.

He has a way of telling, though. He uses his whole body, all of him, all of his behavior, everything, to let you know. You won't mistake his signs.

His eagerness and persistence and his continuous searching will tell you; that is one way you will know.

His great peace and contentment when he has what he needs will tell you; that is another way you will know.

His restlessness when he is not getting what he needs is a sign; that is still another way.

He wants these good things of human life so much that he searches until he gets them, he is at one with the world when he has them, he is at odds with the world when he does not. That is the way human beings are made.

Your part is to read the signs your child's behavior gives you,

(Continued on page 31.)

A Story by MERLE LESLIE



ILLUSTRATION BY
HARLEY E. STIVERS

Decision by Betty

THE FRONT door was opened violently, then slammed shut with a force that rattled its glass pane, and rapid feet pounded up the stairs. Martha Wilson's hands were arrested above the pie she was making and she raised her head and listened as the steps reached the upper hall. Then a bedroom door slammed and a deep silence followed. Unconsciously

she sighed, and her hands once more resumed their work on the pie.

"What's eating her now?" asked Joe, scornfully.

Martha looked at her fourteen-year-old son sitting at the end of the kitchen table helping himself to the apples she had prepared for the pie. She rescued the dish, silently asking herself the same

A cold wind touched Martha's heart. Betty had gone through crises before but she had never repelled her mother.

question. Betty, his sixteen-year-old sister, seemed to go through one crisis after the other.

"That goof she goes with . . .," Joe began scathingly, unknowingly answering his own question.

Martha put the pie in the oven before turning back to him and asking, "Has she had another quarrel with Hank?"

"Naw. He didn't fight with her. He's just shining around Judy," he answered, his mouth full of the last bit of apple.

Martha Wilson felt a wave of weariness wash over her. Heavy gray fog seemed to engulf her at the thought of trying to guide her child through another emotional upheaval should Hank prove unfaithful. It was almost sure to happen sometime, later if not now.

She had tried to explain to Betty that she and Hank were too young to go steady; that they needed a wide circle of friends. She had given in when Betty had

assured her that going steady did not mean much except that they could count on each other for parties or school entertainments. Did she still think it didn't mean much?

She glanced at the clock. It was time to start dinner but she must go up to the child.

She rapped softly on the closed door, then opened it and went in. Her heart went out to the slight figure which lay face down across the bed. Shining blonde hair spread around the young head, a

bright yellow sweater clung to the shaking shoulders. Martha's heart constricted with pain. How could she tell her sixteen-year-old daughter that her heart wasn't really broken; that her life was just beginning; that . . .

Suddenly, she knew that she wouldn't say anything because Betty would have to learn all that by herself and that all she could do was stand by to comfort and assure her.

She put her arm around the young shoulders, saying, "I'm

sorry, Betty, if you have been hurt and . . ."

"Don't . . ." came the muffled voice of the girl as she pulled herself away from the comforting arm.

Martha Wilson stiffened in stricken silence. A cold wind seemed to touch her heart. Betty had gone through several crises in the last year or two but she had never repelled her mother; she had always come to her for comfort and help.

"Don't you want to tell me what is troubling you?" she asked.

The girl turned an angry, tear-stained face to her mother and said, "It's your fault. Hank . . . Hank . . . that awful Judy . . . and it's all your fault." Her voice rose shrilly.

Martha took a deep breath to regain her slipping composure and said, sternly, "Betty, I think you had better sit up and quietly tell me what this is all about."

The girl turned about on the bed, sat up on the edge of it, and wailed, "You treat me like a baby. I have to be home early. I can't go any place. Hank . . . he says Judy will go out to the Bluebird Inn with him . . . and . . ."

"I see," answered Martha softly. "We settled that question when your father and I gave you permission to go steady, didn't we? I'm afraid we haven't changed our minds about that." She closed her eyes in a silent appeal for help, sighed inaudibly, and continued, "I must go get dinner, dear. Wash your face and come down and help."

DINNER at the Wilsons' was usually a very pleasant affair. Harry Wilson left most of the disciplining and training of the children to Martha but he liked to spend as much time as possible with them, and mealtimes were his best opportunity to keep in touch with their daily activities, problems, and pleasures. But one quick glance at Betty told him that another crisis had developed; another glance told him that Martha was more perturbed than usual; so the meal was eaten in more

(Continued on page 28.)



Let Them Experiment

by Louise Price Bell

Children love to take things apart, and yet we don't want them to be destructive. It is important that they understand the difference between building or making and tearing down, for these two things apply to character as well as to everyday events.

When a building is being torn down because it isn't safe, and a new one is to be built in its place, explain this to the child, with the reasons. When he or she builds a block house, it's important to him. If a brother or sister or friend should knock it down, the result will be one that is heartbreaking to the small "architect." The child who destroyed the house should be given a clear explanation of the importance of respecting things others have built.

When Mother's carpet sweeper is broken beyond repair, let wee Toddy take it in his playroom and have the fun of trying to "fix it up." Most little boys love to fuss with anything with wheels, and if you explain that the sweeper isn't useful any more because it is broken, he will have a clear knowledge of why he may experiment with it. He'll pass many a happy hour "trying to make Mother's sweeper just like new!"

By Bessie M. Cole

The Use of Poetry in the Home

PERHAPS you belong to a family that had the happy habit of reading poetry aloud and committing it to memory. If so, you are indeed fortunate, for it is a storehouse from which you can draw throughout a lifetime.

Life without poetry is like being indoors in the spring when everything is beautiful and challenging outside. Poetry gives expression to the thought more directly than prose, and goes to the center of the idea. For example, Tennyson's "Flower in a Crannied Wall" tells more than many pages of prose and should be read aloud, over and over again.

There may be lines in a poem that a child will fail to understand but he will enjoy its rhyme and rhythm and particularly will he appreciate those poems that tell a story. Many children naturally express themselves in poetry if they have been exposed to it when young and later may become real poets. I know of one ten-year-old child who, because of her mother's interest in poetry, has written several herself.

As early as the age of three, our sons began to memorize many short poems, such as those in Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses," Riley's "Raggedy Man," and many other favorites.

The teaching content will often be sensed by the use of a poem when a simple statement or injunction might fail. Some simple verses may explain or interpret the greatest thoughts. I remember, as a girl, that my mother often quoted to me, "The Foolish Little Bonnet," perhaps in order that I might not be vain, and "Meddlesome Mattie" which, too, has an obvious lesson.

I began a collection of choice poems and verses early in life and later compiled them as an anthology of children's poems because poetry was instilled in me in my childhood.

A happy hour may be spent with young companions by an exchange of recited poems that each one likes. Thus may a child's love of poetry be encouraged and deepened. If a parent or grandparent will pick up a favorite book of poems and read to a child, it will please him. If he is fortunate enough to grow up in a home where "poets stand on the shelf" and where there are poetry-loving adults, he will naturally absorb the atmosphere and a love for the beautiful which will never leave him.

Perhaps nothing contributes to the love of books, poetry and others, more than to have parents know and love books. The children should be free to read what they choose from the riches offered by the parents' book shelves.

It is well to train our children to develop a sense of poetry just as we train the muscles of their bodies.

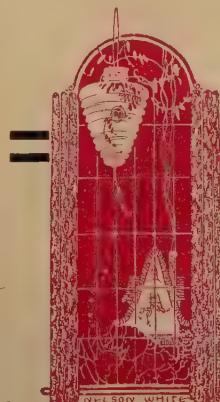
We could well use more poetry to instill a love for it in the home, the school and church school. The Psalms may be used frequently and memorized, and there is no more beautiful example of poetry and language to be found anywhere.

After all, who knows what poetry is? It may be in the rose, the sky, the sea or the air, or in the gleam of the humming bird's wings, even in the play, the song or the work of a little child.

When Mother Was a Little Girl

Grandma tells me of her little girl
With blue eyes and curly hair,
Freckles on her nose
And skin white and fair.
Sometimes I gravely ponder,
As I sit in dreamy mood,
Of Mother as a little girl—
Was she always kind and good?
Was she really musical
And practiced by the hour—
Grandmother need not coax her—
And was she ever sour? (Ah, me!)
I might be a musician,
But the price is high to pay;
My brain-power now seems limited,
I will be the one to say.
Were there times when she was naughty?
Would she often want her way?
Did she get angry with her sister
In their work and in their play?
Did she apply herself at school?
Was she fond of sports?
Did she run and dance and swim?
And did she too wear shorts?
Did she always stand up straight
And think, with never being told,
To hold her "tummy" in
Lest she have a middle fold?
Grandma says that she was steadfast
And would seldom fuss and frown . . .
I should uphold my mother
But how much I let her down!

—BESSIE M. COLE



PRAYER OF A HOMEMAKER

On a Wedding Anniversary

Dear Heavenly Father:

Even as Thou hast set the solitary in family groups,
we know that Thou dost join in such a personal day of
sentiment as a wedding anniversary. Hear a prayer of thanks for happiness
in marriage, the joy of dreams shared in companionship, the solace of tears
merged in mutual sorrow.

Grant forgiveness for every time we have failed to understand a partner in
marriage, and so have hurt a human heart. Living in a confused period of
history marked by crime and divorce, give us special wisdom and strength to
build such fine marriages that young people and other nations may see the
enduring joy of a Christian home.

Comfort all who mourn the loss of the one most dear by giving the benison
of remembered happiness, and the incentive of continued loving service to
others. To the end may we live our vows of fidelity in this life so we may
become worthy to inherit everlasting life with Thee.

Amen.

RUTH C. IKERMAN

By H. VICTOR KANE

Minister, First Baptist Church
Niagara Falls, New York

When you FAIL

Teen-agers (and adults!), can you meet failure with success? If you're interested in becoming something, as well as in achieving something, you'll need to know the answers to the "how-come" and "what-to-do-about-it" questions. They'll help you win, even when you lose

FAILURE! What an unwelcome possibility! Who wants to fail, or even expects to fail, in anything? Certainly not a young person, with so many "big deals" ahead, and so much zip for doing them.

But because youth dreams, and dares, and would do so much, it is all the more important to understand about failure. Here is a boy who doesn't make a football team, or a girl who isn't elected president of her sorority. Such things aren't easy to take. There will be heartaches and tears. A fellow meets a girl and falls hopelessly in love with her. She is the only one in the world for him, but he doesn't get to first base; she doesn't seem to care whether he exists.

How serious are such situations? What should one do about them? It is just as important to know how to grapple with failure as it is to know how to grasp success. Let's ask ourselves a few "how-come" and "what-to-do-about-it" questions with respect to personal failure.

Why Failure?

The important thing to understand is that failure, while not inevitable, is likely to happen to everyone. No one should be ashamed of being a loser—only of

being a quitter. All summer long, sixteen major league baseball teams play each other almost daily. There are always eight winners and eight losers. In 1952, Sal Maglie, the Giants' pitching star, started the season by winning nine games in a row. Then he tried time after time to win the tenth, without success. Was he any less a major leaguer because he had a losing streak? No, not for a minute, and so the record shows he kept on trying, and went on to a winning season.

Failure is just one side of a two-faced coin called "humanity." While winning or losing is more than just a matter of flipping a coin, we are all human, and the game of life goes like that. One sometimes wonders why this coin of our double-sided humanity was ever minted. Why doesn't it say "Success" on both sides?

Well, consider this, first of all. *Each one of us is a growing, developing person.* Each failure, when you understand it correctly, is evidence of change and growth. Dead men never fail; sleeping men never fail; lazy men never fail! But living men, good men, sincere men, ambitious men fail every day!

Go into a woodworking shop, where a carpenter is building a chair or a boat. He will have

slivers in his hands; there will be shavings on the floor, wasted materials and probably a discarded model lying in a corner. Trial and error, experimentation and failure—all these are a part of success in any undertaking. Each one of us is part of a process in which we are *becoming* something as well as *achieving* something, and there will be disappointment as well as accomplishment. Failure occurs because people try—and trying counts with God, no matter what the scorecard says.

Again, failure occurs because *we belong to an imperfect society.* We are affected by what our friends say or do, and by the temptations and pitfalls others leave behind them. It is not only a matter of what we are but also of what our environment is. You know how one's home can be a help or a handicap; so with the community in which you live—if it gives adequate opportunities for training and provides openings for employment, for example, a great deal of help is yours in making a success of life. As we shall see later, no one should excuse himself by blaming society for all his mistakes, but it helps to realize we are not alone.

The greatest thing to understand about failure is that *it has to be a possibility because we are free.* The chance of failure is part of the price we pay for having charge of our own lives. There has to be the possibility of failure if we are to have the thrill of suc-

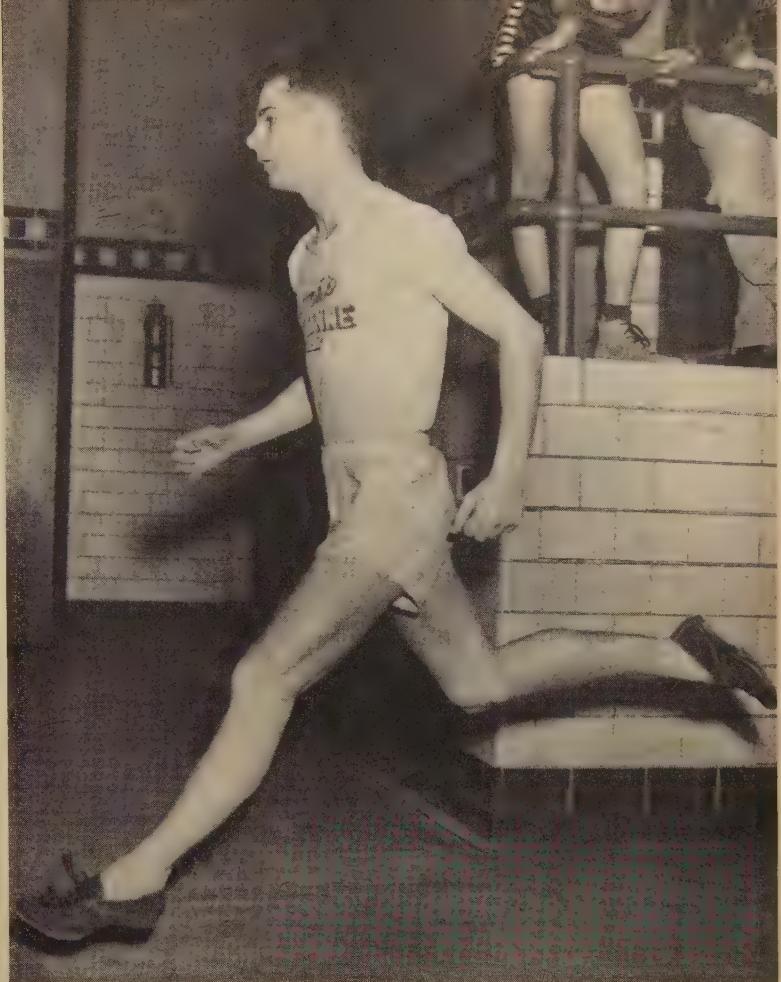
Because you're puppeteer of puppet, study the to be enacted. Come success, failure, keep on. Study, practice more; then do it

cess. One must be free to fail if he is to be free at all. Otherwise you would just be a puppet on a string; somewhere a cosmic finger would pull on a nerve center, giving you an impulse or stimulus, and you would perform automatically and perfectly, without personal interest or pleasure. You would always hop to the right place at the right time, to say and do just the right thing—but who would want this? God didn't arrange things that way. Instead, he put some of the strings in your hand and made you a part of the show. You are a puppeteer, not just a puppet. God says to you, "Study the scenes to be enacted; put the characters where they should be; help them to speak and perform as they should. Sometimes you'll do things well; at other times you'll fail, but keep on. Study, worry, practice, fail—then study, worry, practice some more, and then do better."

What to Do About Failure

Since we have seen that failure is likely to be an experience any one of us may encounter, we need to have a philosophy, a strategy of action, with which to face it. It will be helpful, first of all, to know the things some people have done which have proved unwise, even harmful and dangerous. Here are some rules to guide you if you fail.

—Pickow from Three Lions.



Teen-age flash who ran the fastest mile ever run by a high school boy. Johnny Kopil's school didn't even have a track, and Johnny was only 5' 5" tall and weighed 119 pounds. But he won! Should he fail, he may need his great determination and physical stamina more than ever.

1. *Don't blame God for making life so hard.* As we noted previously, the possibility of failure is one of the price tags on a free man's opportunity to achieve. As one wise Christian teacher, Dr. Henry Pitt Van Dusen, put it, "There must be the possibility of evil in a world where there is to be the possibility of good. . . . There can be no light without the possibility of darkness. There would be no beauty were there not ugliness to make the beauty real. . . . Evil is not a necessity, but the possibility of evil is a necessity."*

2. *Don't become the kind of weakling who excuses himself by putting the blame on others.* We have all seen this cowardly trait

enough to recognize and resent it; yet, it seems to be an easy way out to some people. Remember, the weak person makes excuses for himself, but the strong person makes excuses for others.

3. *Don't try to cover up by a blustering bravado.* The only person you can "kid" is yourself and that is the folly of such a course as "bluffing it through." Instead of dealing with yourself and learning something from your mistakes, you get to where you consider them unimportant. Everyone sees through a person like that except himself, and generally when he "gets wise," it is too late.

4. *Don't retreat into the dark closet of brooding self-criticism.* This is the subtlest temptation which can come to the person who thinks he has failed. Often, he has not really or finally failed but he imagines that the eyes of his friends are watching him with

(Continued on page 26.)



By Ward S. Miller

Professor of English, University of Redlands, California

A Mother

Here's a glimpse into the early life of a great inventor. It's the second article on the parents and home life of some of the world's famous people.

Besides, there was no need for him to take such a job, anyway.

The Edisons occupied a large colonial home on a well-stocked ten-acre farm in a thriving lumber center. And Mr. Edison was a fairly prosperous, though somewhat visionary, businessman—a grain and feed dealer, who also engaged in the lumber business and other enterprises. Besides, Al was already selling vegetables in Port Huron and making as much money as most boys of his age needed. But Al could always use more money, to carry on his experiments in his beloved chemical laboratory.

Not only would the house be lonesome without him, but then there was his schooling. He had never been to school much because he had always been considered a delicate child. And one teacher had thought him "addled." He hadn't done very

Thomas Alva Edison

At the age of 14 or 15, while "candy-butcher," newspaper editor and publisher, chemist, with his office, printing plant and laboratory in a baggage car on the Grand Trunk Railway. Thus began the career of the distinguished inventor-industrialist—the Wizard of Menlo Park.

SHOULD A BOY of twelve be permitted to take a job that would keep him away from home from seven in the morning until nearly ten at night—a job selling fruit, candy, newspapers and magazines on a train? The train was on the Grand Trunk Railway, the one that made the three-hour run every morning from his home town, Port Huron, Michigan, to Detroit, returning every evening.

That was Nancy Edison's problem in the year 1859, for the twelve-year-old was her youngest son, Thomas Alva—Al, they called him. Not that Mrs. Edison was young, or inexperienced in handling children. In fact, she was nearly fifty, and had been a successful teacher in a high school in Canada before her marriage to Samuel Edison. Moreover, she

had borne six other children. Of these, the two oldest were married and had left home, and three, all older than Al, had died before reaching the age of six. The sixth, Harriet Ann, nicknamed "Tannie," was the only one still at home.

Nancy knew there were a dozen kinds of danger and trouble a boy could get into on the train and in the long hours he would have to spend in Detroit. For Al was a boy with an insatiable curiosity. Once, when he was six, he sat on a nest of eggs to see if he could hatch them. And the ceaseless questions he asked were at times regarded as signs of a deficiency in his powers of comprehension.



The house in Milan, Ohio, where Edison was born on February 11, 1847. When he was 7, his family moved to Port Huron.

Nancy Elliot Edison. Understanding, loving, well-informed and ambitious, Mrs. Edison instructed and encouraged the genius who was her youngest son.

ecision

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THE THOMAS ALVA EDISON FOUNDATION, INC.

well, and Nancy Edison, indignant and aware, from her own teaching experience, of his unusual ability, decided to teach him at home. Of his mother's defense in the "addled" incident, he said: "She was the most enthusiastic champion a boy ever had, and I determined right then that I would be worthy of her and show her that her confidence was not misplaced."

With his mother he had already read at twelve a good many books that most of today's college graduates have never attempted. Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* was one. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* was another. Mother and son had gone through Hume's *History of England* and *The*

Penny Encyclopedia. Books on physics and chemistry appealed to Al especially. Mother and son even tackled Newton's *Principia*.

Nancy had great plans. She wanted more of Shakespeare and the Bible. Dickens, Scott, and Hugo were on her list. Al's father had done his part, too, offering Al twenty-five cents for every book he read. That was real money in the years just before the Civil War; and Al was becoming a reader who would some day be able to grasp one line in a



Edison and his sister Tannie, the only children living at home when he wanted to start selling candy and newspapers on the daily Grand Trunk train to Detroit.



Edison's father, of sturdy Dutch ancestry, was versatile and optimistic. Having a restless, speculative disposition, he used his remarkable energy in a variety of business undertakings.

The Religious Views of Thomas A. Edison . . .

Edison's religious background embraces several denominations. His maternal grandfather and two uncles were Baptist ministers; his maternal grandmother was of Scotch Quaker descent. But, according to the centennial edition of the "Milan (Ohio) Ledger" and according to documents in the archives of the Thomas Alva Edison Foundation, Edison was baptized in the Presbyterian church at Milan by the minister, Everton Judson, who died in 1848. Later, according to these same sources, when Edison was thirty-three he gave a window to this church in memory of his mother.

If Edison's religious background was somewhat varied, his religious beliefs were nonetheless clearly defined. He expressed those beliefs in an interview with Rufus R. Wilson, which the latter published in 1890 in a pamphlet, "Edison on Inventions":

"What are your views on religion?"

"I am an optimist by nature and believe that good prevails, but I have never had time to bother my mind about creeds, dogmas and the like."

"Still you believe in a personal God?"

"Most assuredly I do. Nature and science both affirm His existence, and where the layman believes, the man of science knows."*

—I. P. B.

book or seven lines of a newspaper column at a single glance.

But Al wanted to sell candy and newspapers on the train. Maybe she had been pushing him too hard.

She had always let him follow his bent, however, encouraging and guiding him as intelligently as she could. She was sure that was the thing to do. Would she lose him before his character was formed if she let him go so early? He was ambitious and full of projects.

It was better that he was that way. Perhaps he would learn as much as he could in books. Practical experience was important, too. He might tire of the daily routine, even though it gave him several hours in Detroit, which he intended to use in the library. He would spend most of the money he earned on chemicals, but he would not waste it foolishly.

She let him go. She let him work on his chemistry when he got home at night, too. "Early to bed" just wasn't for him, even though he had to get up at dawn. In endurance, he was like his father who, in his flight from Canada in 1838, had walked 182 miles without sleep. So the story goes of his escape from an unsuccessful political uprising in which he had been involved.

Al never really lived at home again for very long. He made money on his train job, set up a chemistry

*From the Archives of the Thomas Alva Edison Foundation, Inc. HEARTHSTONE takes this opportunity to thank Vice Admiral H. G. Bowen, executive director of the Foundation, for checking the historical accuracy of Mr. Miller's article and for supplying the photographs and the information on Edison's religious views.—I.P.B.

Edison at the White House, 1878, demonstrating the tin-foil phonograph he invented.

laboratory in a baggage car, and printed a little newspaper on the train. He employed other boys in his growing enterprises, which came to include a fruit-and-vegetable store in Port Huron and also a newspaper-magazine stand. Quite a businessman for his years—the shape of things to come. Also, he read many books in the Detroit library.

One day, he risked his life rescuing a small child who was playing on the tracks when a train was almost upon him. The grateful father offered to teach him telegraphy, which he eagerly learned and then set up a local line. The project failed. He had lost interest in his profitable enterprises, however, and, in the manner of his father, upon losing interest in a project, even if it was financially successful, turned wholeheartedly to another

—telegraphy. Like his father, too, he was reluctant to follow beaten paths, and that trait is the gift of genius. Another one of the gifts of genius which he possessed, along with vitality, energy, and intelligence, was an overwhelming desire to work along a given line.

He got into trouble, too. Once a jar containing phosphorus tipped over in his train laboratory and set fire to the baggage car. His inventive genius got him into further trouble, and this time it was

(Continued on page 30.)



RESOURCES FOR WORSHIP IN THE FAMILY

with Young Children

A WORD TO PARENTS

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

Or, if you and your child have quiet moments together, apart from the regular family worship, the poems, songs and other materials given here may help you share an experience of worship.

Some of the poems, songs and prayers suggested here are from the graded church school materials. If your church uses these, your child will have brought home the books or leaflets in which these poems and other materials appear. He will enjoy using these with you at home.

The worship resources given here are divided into three sections: (a) for the 3-year-olds; (b) for the 4- and 5-year-olds; (c) for the 6-, 7-, and 8-year-olds. Should your child want to make his own book of devotions, cut, or let your child cut, along the colored border of each small page. He may paste each of these pages into a loose-leaf or spiral notebook, or on sheets of paper of uniform size to be tied together.

It is hoped that the materials on these pages will help you as you guide your child in worship experiences.

Theme for February: LOVE ONE ANOTHER

To Use with Children Three Years Old . . .

"You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind. This is the great and first commandment. And a second is like it, You shall love your neighbor as yourself."

—MATTHEW 22:37-39.

Jesus revealed the love of God, the Father, to man; he taught men about the kind of loving relationship each should have with God; and he himself showed love to both God and man in his own life and ministry. Because Jesus came, we can better know the meaning of love, for we have the example of his life and teachings to follow.

How does your three-year-old child learn about love? He, too, must have an example. His first example will be you, his parents. He can learn that you love him from the way you care for him, from the way you speak to him, from the things you do for him and with him. He can see evidences of the love of mother and father for one another and for other members of the family.

Because he has experienced your love for him, he will be able, when he is older, to understand something of the love of God. You are laying the foundation for this by your own attitude toward God as is evidenced through your awareness and appreciation of the wonders of God's world, your relationship to the church, your prayers and worship periods at home, and the like.

From you, also, your child will learn to show love for others. Your own kindness, consideration

and thoughtfulness of others will be imitated by your child, especially if you let him have a part in planning or providing things to show love to others, such as choosing a flower for Grandmother, a valentine for Father, or saying a friendly hello to the postman.

In the church nursery class, your child should experience love beyond that of his own family as he makes contact with a loving teacher and with other children. There, too, he will at times be made conscious of the presence of love (that of God and of others), but you, his parents, are the ones who will start his young life with love and help him to grow to feel and practice the two commandments Jesus gave us in Matthew 22:37-39.



To Use with Children Four and Five Years Old . . .

(Cut along the broken lines and paste each small page into your own book about God's love and care.)

LOVING OTHERS

Love one another.—John 15:12.

A Prayer for All the Days

Father, we thank Thee for the night
And for the pleasant morning light,
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the world so fair.

Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good,
In all we do, in all we say,
To grow more loving every day.

—ANONYMOUS

LOVING FRIENDS

A friend loves at all times.—Proverbs 17:17.

I Love My Friends

I love my friends, as you can see,
For when they come to play with me,
I share my toys
And we have fun.
That's one way
To show each one
That I am glad as I can be
God gave me friends to play with me.

—NITA SUE WATTS

Prayer

Thank you, God, for friends to love and have happy times with. Amen.

LOVING HELPERS

Love one another.—John 15:12.

The Postman

I like the postman very much,
He often smiles at me,
And when he does, it makes me glad;
His smile is good to see.

I think the postman loves the Lord
Because he smiles each day;
I'll ask the Lord to love him, too,
This evening when I pray.

—FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON

Story

“What Valentines Say,” *My Bible Leaflet*, No. 18.

Song

“Valentine’s Day,” *My Bible Leaflet*, No. 18.

THANKS FOR FRIENDS

A friend loves at all times.—Proverbs 17:17.

Thank You Songs

Dear God, again I bow my head,
And thank Thee for my daily bread.

I thank Thee, God, again today
That I am well, that I can play.

Thank Thee for friends so good to me;
Help me a good, kind friend to be.*

—NORMAN C. SCHLICTER

*Words from *When the Little Child Wants to Sing*, copyright 1935, Presbyterian Board of Christian Education. Used by permission.

To Use with Boys and Girls Six, Seven and Eight Years Old . . .

(Cut along the broken lines and paste each small page into your own book of devotion.)

THE LOVING JESUS

If God so loved us, we also ought to love one another.—1 John 4:11.

The Loving Jesus

Jesus sat beneath a tree,
The branches spreading all around.
And many birds sang happily
To the children on the ground.

For children loved to hear Him speak,
And came to Him from far and near.
He told the stories children like,
And children ought to hear.

"Be kind and gentle in your ways;
Be friends to one another."
He told them they should always try
To show love to each other.

—MARGARET HALL SMITH

LOVING FRIENDS

A friend loves at all times.—Proverbs 17:17.

What Friends We All Can Be

The world is full of loving friends,
And children everywhere
May smile and play in friendly ways
And loving kindness share;
And oh, what joy the world will see
When all are friendly as can be!*

—MARY GRACE MARTIN

Prayer

We are glad, dear God, for friends. Help us to remember to be kind and loving to our friends. Help us to find ways to make new friends. Amen.

*Words from *Hymns for Primary Worship*, copyright 1946 by The Westminster Press, Philadelphia, Pa. Used by permission.

THANKING GOD FOR FRIENDS

A friend loves at all times.—Proverbs 17:17.

Thank You, God, for Friends

Thank you, God, for friends to love;
For friends to play with me.
Thank you for my grown-up friends
And friends I never see.
Help me to be a good friend,
Kind and loving, too.
Help me find good ways to show
My love to friends and you.

—NITA SUE WATTS

LOVING AND SERVING

Through love be servants of one another.

—GALATIANS 5:13

Morning Prayer

Father, be with us through all this day,
Tenderly bless, and guide us, we pray,
In everything we do and we say,
Teach us to love thee and serve thee always.
Amen.

—MARY PEACOCK



With appetites whetted after a morning of happy play together, all the children pause briefly at lunch time while little Gene asks God's blessing.

Every Child a 'PROBLEM' CHILD

. . . Until one mother brought the neighborhood children together in her home. Then here's what happened. . .

MRS. URBAN G. GOSSELINK, of McAllen, Texas, began by saying, "It was like this. Our four-year-old son Max was pitifully lonely when his older brother John started to school. He longed for companionship. We finally decided to invite Gene, a neighbor boy, into our home for the morning. Since Gene's mother found it necessary to work outside the home, she liked this arrangement. Fortunately for all concerned, the two boys played happily together from the beginning."

It was not long before Mrs. Gosselink found other parents with similar problems. As a result, the group grew until there were five who came regularly, and two or three who joined in occasionally of their own free will. The regular group consisted of Gene, Barbara, Paul, Buzzie, and Max.

Max and Gene instruct their playmates in the proper care of pets, as Max's little hamster "Prissy" frolics in his new block corral.

by Florence P. Carmichael

Director of Religious Education, Weslaco, Texas; formerly Director of Children's Work, United Christian Missionary Society

Inasmuch as Mrs. Gosselink had been in charge of the nursery department of her church for quite some time, she was no novice at working with small children. She had become self-trained by reading, study, and observation, and by personal counseling with the director. She also possessed an in-born love for children. She sensed

that here was a golden opportunity to provide a joyous, enriching experience for each child, for fostering Christian growth within each one, and for making a few extra dollars with which to supplement her income.

She decided that her "neighborhood school" should be carried on with a minimum amount of equip-



ment. She felt, too, that it would prove beneficial for John and Max to share what they had. Their possessions included a jungle-gym, a sandbox, a tricycle, a small record player, a few carefully chosen records, a pet hamster, and several books and pictures.

Mrs. Gosselink's daily program sort of "jes' grew," like Topsy. Eventually it crystallized into a fairly definite though flexible plan. In general, this was the daily schedule:

9:00-9:20: Free play. Liberal use was made of such things as blocks, clay, crayons, books, and large sheets of paper.

9:20-9:40: Supervised table work. This was usually based on a theme selected for the day and was seasonal in character—the molding of Easter bunnies in March or April, followed by the creation of a Maypole for May Day.

9:40-10:00: Enjoyment of rhythmic music. The children skipped, ran, walked, or marched, according to the record played. They also helped create their own instruments. Two large wooden blocks, for example, served well as

cymbals; small spoons and rubber cups as tom-toms; glass jar-lids with tiny bells attached as tambourines.

10:00-10:15: Dramatic play. The children would listen to Mother Goose rhymes or simple stories and then informally act them out, with only limited direction from their leader.

10:15-10:25: Time for attending to personal needs and cleaning up for lunch.

10:30-10:50: Lunch. This was always preceded by a blessing, said by one of the children. The lunch was always simple in nature, consisting of a cool drink and a cooky or cracker.

10:50-11:10: Free, unsupervised outdoor play, or a nature walk.

11:10-11:30: Supervised play. This consisted of activities, such as "train play" on an improvised train, in which the children had practice in sharing and in waiting their turns.

11:30-12:00: Story Hour. The stories varied but they always had some special appeal. Many had character-building value. They

(Continued on page 29.)



Story hour, and Mrs. Gosselink tells about boys and girls who live in strange lands far away.



Happy times with their big pet dog. And he doesn't seem to object to being part of the school's equipment, for the children have been taught how to take good care of their pet.



There's trouble on board, but the train's engineer just keeps on going full steam ahead. And Passenger Barbara, an only child, will soon discover that her show was in vain; next time she'll be willing to wait for her turn.

By Loie Brandom



Dr. Valentine's Heart Clinic

FOR GOOD TIMES
IN THE HOME

ANNOUNCEMENT

For the benefit of a few of his personal friends, Dr. Valentine, the famous heart specialist, will be in his office from eight until eleven P.M., on Valentine's Eve, February 13, for the purpose of consultation. You are invited to avail yourself of this opportunity.

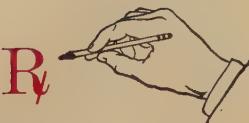
Office Address -----

Office Telephone -----

The night of the party, the house is decorated with hearts, and inexpensive prizes are wrapped in heart-decorated packages. As the guests arrive, have a very trim-looking "office receptionist" meet the "patients" at the door and direct them to the room where they may remove their wraps. As they come out of the room, she gives them cards of admittance to Dr. Valentine's inner office, and asks them to be seated in the "anteroom" and await their turn. A "nurse" in white uniform appears to take them, one at a time, into Dr. Valentine's office.

Cheery, friendly Dr. Valentine greets each patient with a chest-thumping. He listens to their heartthrobs, and performs other rituals of his profession. Then he hands each one a prescription written on a slip of paper. Here are some of the prescriptions:

Your heart is badly cracked, 'tis plain to see,
But marry your sweetheart and cured you'll be.



Your heart is thumping, your head's in a whirl,
For you are in love with a very fine girl.
You're well, you're happy as you can be;
So in your case there will be no fee.
Your case is quite serious, I'm telling you!
For your trouble is caused by eyes of deep blue.
I can't find a thing the matter with you,
For your lover is loyal and honest and true.

Dr. Valentine now prescribes some group therapy.

Setting-up Exercises are first on Dr. Valentine's list. An "intern" is chosen who superintends the exercises by tagging the first one who does not respond properly. Each "patient" may choose what he wants to do, such as pumping arms up and down, stretching up on toes, stooping and rising, touching the floor with fingertips without bending knees. Whatever each one begins doing, he must continue to do whenever the intern comes near him. Whoever is tagged while not doing his exercises, becomes intern, and the game continues. Late-comers may join this game at any time without causing confusion.

Heartstrings. To arrange partners for this stunt, distribute pink paper hearts to the girls, on each of which is written the name of the girl of a well-known couple, such

as Juliet and Romeo, Rachel and Jacob, Josephine and Napoleon. Give similar hearts to the boys, bearing the corresponding men's names of each pair.

When the couples have been paired, fasten them together in this way: Tie one end of a string about a yard in length, to the right wrist of the girl; the other end to her left wrist. Tie the boy's right wrist with one end of a string of the same length. Loop the boy's string through the one tied on his partner's wrists and tied the end to his left wrist. They are then to try to unhitch themselves from their lover's knot. It can be done by slipping the center of the string between the wrist and the loop of string tied around the partner's wrist, and then over the hand.

Dr. Valentine's Diagnosis. Again select partners, this time by a hunt about the room for hidden hearts, gold ones for the boys, silver for the girls, each set bearing duplicate numbers. When the partners have found each other, they lock arms and form in line for a grand march which proceeds into another room. There large symbols, cut from pasteboard, have been taped to the floor. These include: a heart, which means a current love affair; a wedding ring, for an early marriage; a horseshoe, for good luck in business; a clover leaf, for social success; a dollar, for great wealth; a wishbone, for fulfillment of your heart's desire; a boat, for a sea voyage; a bell, for popularity and many friends, but no marriage.

The marching continues in this room until the music stops suddenly. Every player must "freeze" just as he was when the music stopped. If a couple is standing on a symbol, they are told what it means and they drop out of the line of march. The music continues as before, until each couple has a chance to learn their fate. This is a lively game as quite often one partner will be trying to avoid the very "fate" (Continued on page 30.)



Good books provide spiritual inspiration, intellectual stimulation, or just good fun. What happens when a whole family reads the same books? And how should a family select books for the home?

‘Think About These Things’

STUDY ARTICLE AND STUDY GUIDE

by Idris W. and Elizabeth N. Jones

WHATEVER is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is gracious, . . . think about these things.” Where else is there a better description of a Christian home than in this verse from Philippians? Does it not sum up in a few pointed words the essence of the Christian way of life?

In previous articles in this series, we have considered many attitudes that help to build a Christian home. In a Christian home, everyone is regarded as a cherished individual. Each member has his own important niche to fill, each has a voice in the decisions affecting the family. Members of a Christian family work together, play together, plan together, pray together, with a spirit of love and concern.

The Christian family will also seek to keep the atmosphere of its home free from the cheap and tawdry. Thus, those who enter, as well as those who live there, will find it easier to “think on things lovely and pure, just and honorable.” Whatever the financial condition of the family, rooms can be clean and cheerful, furnishings comfortable and carefully chosen. The Christian family will try to surround itself with the best in art and music, and

above all, in literature. No matter whether much or little can be afforded, what there is will be good.

Where is the child who has not begged, “Read to me, Mommy, please,” or urged, “Tell me a story, Daddy”? Six-year-olds are thrilled when they can read a few short sentences for themselves. This natural interest in reading, in stories and books, can be a very helpful ally when we as parents try to

—Reginald Russell



Where is the child who has not begged, “Read to me, Mommy, please!” or, “Tell me a story, Daddy!”

Children are thrilled when they can read a few short sentences for themselves.



direct the minds of our children as well as ourselves to thoughts worthy of our Christian profession. It *can* help, that is, if the literature in our homes is well written, inspiring, vital.

Let's consider how we should choose good books and periodicals for our families, what determines their worth, and how we can best use them to enrich our family living.

The first test for literature for a Christian home should be concerned with the book's content. Does it lift the thinking of the reader to a higher plane of thought? Does it picture Christian actions or the value of Christian actions? Does it provide fun for relaxation? Does it tell of the wonders of God's world, or of the mysteries of science, or the joy of human companionship? Does it introduce interesting new characters to keep its reader company through the years?

Literature for a Christian home should be well written. The language used should hold up a pattern of speech that could well be copied by young and old readers alike. Illustrations should be above reproach, done artistically. The print of present-day good books is generally very readable and clear. It should be especially so for children to read.

One of the best ways to tell whether a book is a fit addition to a Christian home is to see how it has stood the test of time. The cheap and worthless book soon loses its appeal and fades from sight, but many, many books and stories continue in demand month after month, year after year. Use the verse from Philippians 4:8 to judge the books for your family, and you will avoid the influence of poor literature in your home.

How can you learn of good books to purchase, or to borrow from your public library? The librarian will be glad to give advice on good books for every need, for every age. She can tell you of the best new books, or of classics which every generation should know and enjoy. She will help you plan a reading program, if you like.

Once a year, most cities celebrate "Book Week" with book

fairs in the schools, placing the emphasis on good new books. You might include in your budget each year a definite amount to spend for new books, and visit the book fair with that in mind. Or you may want simply to browse among the many fascinating books, and note the ones to borrow from the library.

Secular magazines devoted to the home or to child care often carry articles that suggest good books for family reading. The Christian Board of Publication or the American Baptist Publication Society will send you suggestions of religious books. HEARTHSTONE frequently carries bibliographies in connection with many of its articles. The booklet "Message to Parents" used with the graded curriculum of the children's departments of the church school often suggests books suitable for the children of those age groups. Don't neglect, either, to share with your family the favorites that you have enjoyed. What fun it is to introduce old book friends to our children! Choose your books from every type—fiction, history, science, poetry, drama, humor, current problems, music and art, devotional books, the Bible, according to the age and development of the members of your family. It is a good idea to purchase favorites and a few selected new books for a permanent home library, and to supplement these from the public and church libraries.

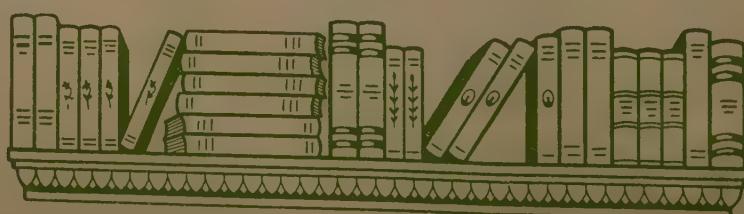
However, in spite of the excellence of the source from which you learn of books, you will want to check personally to be sure that each book is the kind you want admitted to your home. Talk with your family about the standards by which they can judge their reading. While your children are small, their choice of books is limited to gifts or to books taken from the library under your supervision. As they grow older, you

will not have the same complete control over this reading. Then it will be your own example, the contagion of your enthusiasm, and the habits of early years which will help them. The time nearly always comes when companions, unscrupulous book clerks, or even the child's own curiosity will suggest unworthy books. You will be forced to stand firm on your denial to admit to your home anything lewd or crude or vulgar. At the same time, you will want to surround your children more than ever with interesting good books, and with the example of family enjoyment of them.

Now how will you make use of literature to enrich the living of your Christian family?

Encourage your family to read for information. Have books available that can help in schoolwork or that will stimulate new hobbies. If you are planning a work project, a trip, a move to a new city, the whole family can be drawn together in closer fellowship by finding out interesting facts.

Encourage your family to read for pleasure. One family sets aside an hour on Sunday afternoon for a "quiet time" when all rest with a good book. Others continue the custom of the bedtime story by settling in bed to read a little before the actual bedtime. Many families plan definitely for an afternoon or evening of reading aloud. If your children are very young a few minutes will exhaust their interest. But as they grow older, the time can be lengthened. Set the stage well. Provide comfortable chairs, or cushions on the floor. If it is winter, a bright fire will add to the enjoyment. Apples to munch or lemonade for a treat will help to make the time seem special. Let the children take turns deciding what will be read, but be ready to suggest something interesting if it is needed. One



family decided to add an hour of reading together after their family council meeting, ending the evening with a Bible story and worship. There is an interesting and helpful article in the November, 1953, HERATHSTONE, "When the Family Reads Aloud."

Have you discovered the fun of family excursions to the library? The Smiths began when their first little girl was two to take her with them when they went to get books. While one parent was choosing books, the other helped the little one to choose a picture book to take home, and initiated her into the joys of "browsing." As soon as she was old enough, she had her own card. By that time there was another young Smith to join the family library excursions. Now there are four Smith children, all interested in reading good books.

Mrs. Smith tells of this experience on their vacation last summer: "We always take advantage of the vacation privilege of the library. So before our trip, on our visit to the library we selected thirty-one books to take with us. It was fun to see what each child would choose to live with for a month. The oldest girl took some good fiction, and a volume of Conan Doyle, besides a book on music. The high school boy chose baseball stories, and a volume of Shakespeare and one of poetry (yes, really). The Cub Scout had biographies of Daniel Boone, George Washington and Benjamin Franklin, a Dr. Doolittle book, and a book on trees. The little one had three favorite picture books, including *While Susie Sleeps*. To these, Mother and Daddy added their own collection of books on sermons, writing, special hobbies, and the Bible.

"Of course, we exchanged books among ourselves when each had finished his own. One of the happiest evenings of our vacation was spent reading by kerosene lamp in the living room of our little cottage. Daddy was chuckling over Brother's baseball stories, Big Sister was sleuthing with Sherlock Holmes, Little Brother was exploring with Daniel Boone, Mother was poring over a cookbook, while Little Sister fell asleep to dream

of Susie. The fresh lake air, the stillness outside, the relaxation and fellowship inside did indeed renew our bodies and minds for the year ahead. And the books

we were reading were a big part of it."

Does your family have books to help them to "think about these things"?

STUDY GUIDE

To the Leader:

This is the eighth meeting in the series on building a Christian home. Perhaps it is now time for a change of pace by having a different kind of meeting to add interest for the group. Therefore, three different kinds of meetings will be suggested briefly. Choose the one which seems to suit your own situation.

PLAN I

1. Invite a librarian or a representative of a reputable bookstore to talk to your group, and to bring a display of good books.

a) In preparation:

1) Suggest that members of the group read the article.

2) Tell the speaker the size and make-up of your group. Be sure that he knows how the meeting fits into the series, and exactly what types of books would interest you—books to read out loud in a family group, books to stimulate hobbies and family work and play, children's books, or religious books for the whole family.

3) Because of the guest speaker, give the meeting ample publicity. Call the members, send cards or special invitations, and display posters announcing it well in advance.

4) Appoint a committee to arrange for transportation for the speaker and the books and to set up the book display.

b) The meeting:

1) Allow time in the beginning for browsing. Encourage the members to make notes of books they would like to have discussed, and of questions they would like to have answered.

2) When the speaker has concluded his talk, encourage the members to ask questions about the books, or about the ideas in the article. Here are some that might be asked, to start the discussion:

Give examples of good and poor books for different ages.

Suggest a basic list for a home library.

How can children and young people be encouraged to take time for reading?

PLAN II

2. Use the meeting to plan a church library which would help the members of the church in using books in their families.

a) In preparation:

1) Ask the superintendents of the children's departments, the teachers of parents', young people's and young

adults' classes, the minister, and representative parents and other members what books they would find helpful in a church library. Invite them to attend the meeting to give their suggestions. If they cannot come, then report their suggestions to the group.

2) Encourage members of the group to read the article, and have at least one person report how a church library could help families carry out the suggestions it gives.

3) If your church has a library at present, appoint a committee to confer with the librarian to discover what books are available which would be suitable for family reading at home.

b) The meeting:

1) Call for the reports.
2) Ask for suggestions in the light of the reports.

3) Decide on a plan of action, such as recommendations to the Board of Christian Education or any other church board, on these subjects:

When Children Come With You

Plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour. Stories about children around the world are sometimes found in the primary and junior story papers. Some are suitable for simple and easy dramatization. Books containing stories of children of other lands may be found in the church or public library.

Guide in Making Valentines. Children can make valentines for parents, other children, missionaries and others. Suggestions for making valentines may be found in the primary and junior story papers and in such books as *Holiday Craft and Fun*, by Joseph Leeming.

Direct Games. Games which are fun and help in understanding children of other countries can be found in *Children's Games From Many Lands*, by Nina Millen. Excellent songs of other countries are contained in the book *The Whole World Singing*, by Edith Lovell Thomas. Children will enjoy singing these songs.

(1) additions to the library; (2) publicity to acquaint families with what is available; (3) ways of encouraging the use of the church library. So often discussion groups merely discuss and take no definite steps to crystallize the findings. Be very careful that definite action is taken and is followed up later.

3. Have a round table discussion in which a few members tell what books they have found helpful in the family group, and how they have used them.

a) In preparation:

1) Recommend that at least those taking part in the discussion read the article.

2) Ask each person to report to the leader or chairman the book or books he can discuss. Be sure there is a wide range of subject matter slanted for various age groups. In so far as

possible, the discussion leader should check the books to ascertain whether they are worthy of recommendation. Suggest that the books be shown to the group and afterward placed on a browsing table.

3) Prepare a general outline for the round table discussion.

b) The meeting:

1) After the planned round table discussion, throw the meeting open to questions from members of the larger group.

2) Do not hesitate to defer a decision on problems that you, as the leader, feel need the advice of a competent authority. You can appoint someone to go to your minister (if he is not at the meeting) or to a librarian and make a report at the beginning of the next meeting. Sometimes such reports

provide valuable continuity to the monthly meetings.

4. Resources:

It is impossible to list the books that are of value and interest to every family. Consult your public librarian, your bookstore, your denominational headquarters. You will find suggestions in these sources.

a) HEARTHSTONE, November, 1953, "When the Family Reads Aloud"; January, 1954, "Building a Family Library"; and brief book reviews in most issues.

b) The Family Pleasure Chest, by Helen and Larry Eisenberg (Parthenon Press, Nashville, Tenn., 1951. \$1.50).

c) American Home, November, 1953, "Good Books for Children."

d) Parents' Magazine, book reviews and occasional articles.

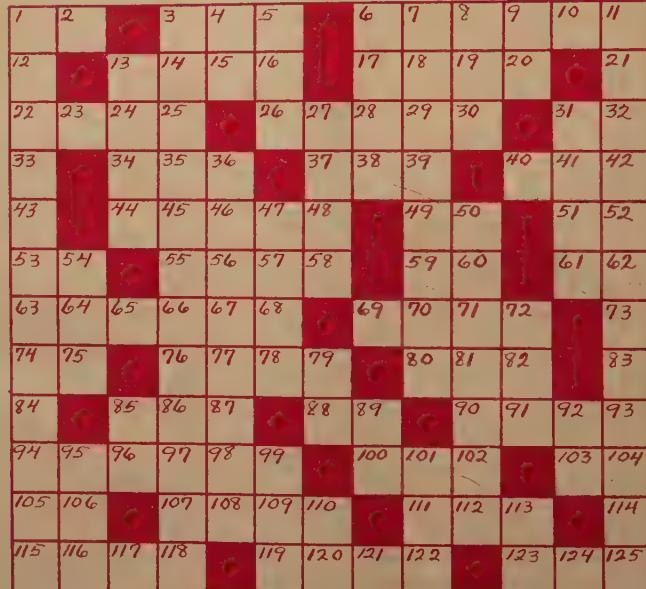
BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

DIRECTIONS: Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

When read from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Meat in a "hot dog" sandwich	55	10	35	58	45	6
B A sweet spread for bread	8	50	28	34	110	
C Where a kangaroo carries her baby	93	121	104	11	123	
D A place where chickens are kept	56	60	32	3	57	43
E To join the army or navy	117	22	69	112	30	103
F A very small fowl	49	109	16	39	100	24
G Obedient	1	42	36	83	26	63
H Bigger	94	114	47	116	67	78
I Cat that catches mice	122	2	19	97	75	120
J Earlier, or sooner	88	15	119	38	118	21
K Not anybody	37	9	65	41	33	17
L Rushed, or advanced violently	54	27	61	44	12	87
M Soft and tender because of ripeness	125	23	52	66	4	13



Solution on page 29.

N A person's lands or possessions	81	68	48	107	62	95
O Protected from the sun by trees	113	14	31	90	82	99
P Situated at a distance	20	89	64	18	72	98
Q To beat or flog	84	59	105	46	80	74
R Opposite to, or facing	53	51	85	91	86	71
S Possessed	77	108	115	70	102	
T Female red deer	111	124	101	79	92	
U Nicely, or orderly	106	7	96	73	29	40

DR. GEORGE W. CRANE



Family Counselor

Girls, beware of men like Henry, for they don't make very romantic mates. If you can't find anything better, or if you'd rather be a colorless wife playing second fiddle to your mother-in-law, than die an old maid, that is your privilege, but at least try to meet somebody better than Henry.

Phoebe M., aged 29, is an attractive schoolteacher. "Dr. Crane, my problem involves love," she spoke seriously. "Six years ago I began going around with Henry, who is now 39 years old. He has a good job, and has told me he loves me with all his heart, but for some reason his mother objects to me. She was all right for a few months, but when he began centering his affection on me exclusively, she grew spiteful and now will not speak when we meet.

"I try to ignore her affronts and am always agreeable to her, but it seems to do no good. Henry is quite a mamma's boy, and says everything will turn out all right if we just wait long enough.

"Meanwhile, we have postponed our marriage twice, and I see no likelihood of any immediate change. Dr. Crane, do you believe in this watchful-waiting policy?"

TIME DOESN'T CURE

There is an erroneous statement that time heals all wounds. It isn't time that heals, but the methodical growth of granulation tissue, if the wound is of the flesh.

Wounds of the spirit are healed by developing new interests in life

and by pushing unpleasant ideas out of mind through deliberately focusing attention on more pleasant thoughts. Time itself doesn't cure them.

A golfer who wrongly grips his club or who slices the ball, will never become a better golfer simply by the passage of time and additional rounds of golf. In fact, he'll more deeply entrench his bad habits by such repetition. Time will not make him a better golfer.

In similar manner, Henry shows the common inertia of mankind which says that everything will be O.K. if we wait long enough. That is often a false statement to cover up laziness and inertia, or cowardice and a weak will.

MAMMA'S APRON-STRINGERS

Unless a girl is willing to be a doormat and a self-effacing, mousy type of personality all her life, she is better off single than married to a mamma's apron-stringer husband.

Henry apparently loves Phoebe as much as he'll ever love any other woman besides his mother. But for thirty-eight years he has always done what Mamma ordered. And now Mamma jealously suggests that Henry refrain from marrying Phoebe.

It is quite natural for a mother to have some resentment toward the younger girl who displaces her from first position in her son's heart and affection. But the normal mother curbs her jealousy and says she is gaining a new daughter instead of losing a son.

Mothers like this widowed parent of Henry, however, have poured a double amount of affec-

tion upon their child, for he is a fusion of father and son and thereby obtains an undue amount of maternal devotion. Under such circumstances, the parent is often doubly jealous, and may prevent the marriage or later promote a divorce.

THE COMMONEST "TRIANGLE"

The most common "triangle" which causes domestic unhappiness involves two women and a man. One of these women is his mother, and the other is his sweetheart or wife.

Moreover, a man of thirty-eight who has never married, usually has two strikes called on his chances of marital success, anyway, for he is pretty well set in his bachelor ways and has paid undivided allegiance to Mamma for a decade longer than is true of the average man today. Besides, he is likely to be sexually weak, for a normal red-blooded male usually feels the romantic attraction for the opposite sex and has found his mate long before the age of thirty-eight.

Phoebe should start dating other men. She would thus find a wider range of marriage merchandise from which to select quality stuff, and perhaps dynamite Henry out of his complacency and his mother-fixation.

All in the Family

BY HAROLD HELFER

Mrs. Earl Renfrow, of St. Louis, apparently believes in having a big family as quickly as possible. The other day, two years after she became the mother of triplets, she gave birth to twins. Their dad drives a truck for a bakery.

There is a good reason why the three children of Mr. and Mrs. LeRoux of Quebec were named as follows: Joseph Noel, Marie Noela and Joseph Armand Noel. They were born on successive Christmases.

No one can say that Adron Cullis Webb, Jr., of Memphis, isn't well supplied with kinfolks. He has three great-grandmothers, two grandmothers, four great-great-aunts, three great-great-uncles, six great-aunts, seven great-uncles, three aunts and two uncles. One grandmother is only 36 and one aunt is only four.

When You Fail

(Continued from page 11.)

merciless criticism. Very frequently, it is the most conscientious personality who senses this most keenly. He wants so much to succeed and to deserve people's approval that he feels guilty for "letting them down." We should all understand that the great majority of people are most understanding, and that most of the "guilt" we feel is imaginary or exaggerated. Perhaps someone dear to us may say a word or two of criticism. If they do it kindly, it is for our good; so why not profit by it? If they do it unkindly, then they are the ones who need to be forgiven,

and that gives us a chance to be bigger than they are by showing them that we can keep our poise and go on to do better.

5. *Do keep on in faith!* Faith is the greatest antidote for failure that man has ever known. Our faith, of course, is in God our Father and the part he plays in our lives.

Faith teaches us, first of all, that God is our Coach, not just our critic. He is doing something more than sitting on the bench, keeping the record of our mistakes; his heart is in the game with us; he is watching it all, and waiting to help us with counsel and encouragement. As we read in Romans 8:28: "In everything, God works for

good with those who love him." There are times in history when He seems to lose, too, but He never gives up, not even when a Calvary occurs.

Faith also teaches us that something tremendously important is going on in the world, and it may be a long time before the final outcome is sure. Call it "The Big Game" if you will; it is an ageless activity bigger than any one of us. Neither you nor I can understand it all, nor take the full part in it which we should like to play. The final score is not announced when our part is done. There may be a temporary, personal tally, but it is not the ultimate, all-important one.

Very often we are like the player taken out for a substitute when his team is behind. Even though, at the moment, it seemed that his team was not winning, his efforts, perhaps by tiring the opposition, may have contributed a great deal toward determining the final outcome. It is what the team does that counts. If you follow sports closely, you will learn that coaches realize that. Time after time, when interviewed on radio and television, they prefer to talk about the team as a whole, not about individual stars.

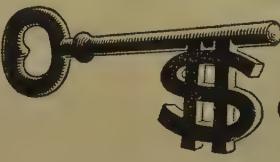
In the First Baptist Church at Niagara Falls, where the author is the minister, there are two young men, Edward Fleming and Charles Hoxie, who are basketball stars at Niagara University. They not only star in sports, but they are faithful in church. It happens they are playing on a team which is being hailed as one of the best in the history of the school. The team has been invited to compete in the National Invitation Tournament at Madison Square Garden, New York City, after winning twenty games and losing only five. But it is not for the record alone that the community takes pride in them. These wonderful players and their great coach, "Taps" Gallagher, are the very same individuals who last year lost more games than any other team before them! And why are they champions? Because every one of them, from the coach to the least-known sub, has hero stuff in his bones! They lost, but they weren't licked; they couldn't win, but they did learn; so this year the tide has turned!

None of God's great souls is a winner all of the time. Many of them were even defeated in their lifetime, so far as their aims or ideals were concerned. But in the final outcome of things, they will not lose. In Isaiah, we read a tribute paid to the patience and perseverance of God, which we can merit, too: "He shall not fail nor be discouraged." Make that your motto for life, and with it remember the lesson which the noted sports writer Grantland Rice put in these words:

*When the One Great Scorer comes
To write against your name,
He writes—not that you won or lost—
But how you played the game.*

*Life's Meaning, p. 114 (Association Press, New York).

This is the way
we did it . . .

'Open

Sesame!'

by Ruth Bosserman

If yours is a child who whines, "I can't" at every difficult problem, perhaps this will help you guide him to a more positive attitude.

When I was six or seven years old, "I can't" was a favorite password for getting out of anything difficult. If there was a knot in my shoelace or if my boots stuck when I tried to pull them on over my shoes, I would immediately give up and run to someone else for aid.

One day, my mother handed me the key to the basement door and asked me to unlock it and bring up a jar of fruit for dinner. Placing the key in the lock, I twisted it slightly. The door did not budge, so I ran to mother with my usual, "I can't unlock it. It won't open!"

"I'm too busy to help you," she replied, "but I'll tell you some magic words that you can say, and I know you can open the door."

Of course, I was anxious to know the magic words, and listened

carefully as she told them to me: "I can and I will."

Hurrying out, I again put the key in the lock, took a deep breath and said, "I can and I will!" I then gave the key a good twist and surely enough the door swung open.

You can imagine how delighted I was! I soon overcame my "I can't" habit because I had found a new success formula.

Even now, though I'm married and have a family, those words often flash through my mind when I'm facing a problem that seems unsurmountable.

HEARTHSTONE would like to have its readers tell how they have handled difficult family problems. Contributions should be limited to 500 words or less. Those which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. All unpublished manuscripts will be returned if they carry return postage. Here is a chance for our readers to help others!

COUSIN TOM, the old gentleman cat, was having trouble with his sleeping. His whiskers twitched, even the one gray one. Once in awhile one foot would move back and forth as if he were running very fast.

Do you know what was the matter? Why, Cousin Tom had heard a little noise while half asleep, and he was trying to persuade himself that he had heard nothing. You know how it is when you are as sleepy as can be, and you hear a voice saying, "Get up, Lazybones!" and you turn over and make believe you did not hear? The cat fellow was just like that.

Finally, it was no use. The noise continued, and Cousin Tom sat up and rubbed both big, yellow eyes. "Tap, tap, tappity, tap!" There was the noise again.

Tom looked up and saw something sitting on his window sill. That something was tapping on the windowpane. The cat fellow ran up to the window and saw that it was Flippy Squirrel. "What do you want?" asked Tom.

"I know where something is—" said Flippy, "something very exciting!"

"Is it a secret?" asked the cat cousin, for he dearly loved secrets.

"A great big secret!" answered Flippy. "Not even my mother knows! It's just for you and me!"

"Wait until I get dressed," begged Tom.

And how that cat did dress! He hurried so fast that he put his arms through his trousers, and had his shirt on his legs. He got these straightened out, and put on his red derby hat and picked up his crooked walking stick. Then he remembered that he had not put on his coat. He tried to put his arm through his coat sleeve without dropping his cane, and when he got through, his stick was across his shoulders so that he looked like a scarecrow. All the time Flippy was shouting, "Hurry! hurry! hurry!"

Cousin Tom rushed out the door so fast that he tripped over his tail and came down on the door

STORY FOR CHILDREN

Cousin Tom

and the

Beansshooter

by Glenn H. Asquith



mat—kerplunk! He was glad it was such a soft door mat.

"Where do we go, Flippy?" asked the cat.

"Over to the biggest oak tree in Perkins' lot," answered the squirrel.

Soon the animal friends were under the oak tree, and Flippy picked up a piece of bark and showed Cousin Tom what he had found. There was a long metal tube and a little bag filled with something bumpy.

"Ah, what is this?" asked Cousin Tom.

"It is Jimmy Perkins' beanshooter and bag of beans. He shot a bean in his sister's eye, and his mother said he could never have the shooter ever again. I watched her hide it here."

Flippy was quite out of breath after this long speech.

"What shall we do with it?" asked Tom.

"Finders are keepers," said Flippy, "because Mrs. Perkins will never let Jimmy have it again, ever. I thought you might learn to use it and scare away the Dunwhodedoo and Searum-Harum when they chase us."

"And so I will!" promised Cousin Tom. "Let's take these

things back to the house and see if breakfast is ready."

Flippy carried the bag of beans, and Cousin Tom put the beanshooter over his shoulder like a gun.

By the time they came to Cousin Tom's three-room house they found that Patience Poodle, the little housekeeper dog, had a good breakfast ready. She was going to scold Tom for being late, only he got in just in time not to be late. "Well . . ." said Mrs. Poodle, and that is all she said. They invited Flippy to stay for breakfast.

When Tom had his mouth good and full of hot pancakes, Patience asked what it was that the animal friends had carried in and put in the corner. Flippy looked at Tom, and Tom looked at Flippy.

"Might as well tell," said Flippy, "because you have to go outdoors to practice anyway."

So Cousin Tom told Mrs. Poodle about the beanshooter.

"Tom, I want you to take that thing right out of here," barked Mrs. Poodle, holding her skirts around her. "It might explode in my face!"

Tom and Flippy laughed and laughed.

"It isn't a gun," said Flippy, "and it can't explode until Tom makes it explode."

(Continued on page 31.)



Decision by Betty

(Continued from page 8.)

restraint than was usual, with Betty having nothing to say. As soon as the dishes were put away, Betty started up the stairs.

"Betty," called her father, laying aside his paper and waiting for her reluctant return to the living room.

She stood in the doorway, poised for instant flight the moment she could escape. "Yes, Father."

"What is the trouble this time?" he asked gently.

Instead of the usual flood of tears and a rush into his arms, she remained in the doorway. "Nothing," she answered curtly.

"Nothing," mimicked Joe. "She's just been bawling ever since school about 'nothing.' Nothing . . . that's good . . . Hank's nothing, all right."

"Joe, go up to your room and do your homework," ordered Harry Wilson. "Take Ruthie with you."

The two younger children left the room, obviously unhappy at missing out on something they didn't quite understand.

Harry Wilson motioned to his elder daughter and she came over and stood by his chair. The stubborn set of her shoulders, the tight withdrawal of her sunny self told him that this was a bigger problem; that there were resentment and rebellion in her young soul.

"Betty, we've tried to be understanding parents; we want only the best for

you. When things go wrong, I can't do anything about them if I don't know what is troubling you. Your mother looks very unhappy; you, frankly, look rebellious. Now, let's clear this up."

For a moment longer she stood defiant, then collapsed on the hassock by his chair, and wailed, "Everybody else goes there. I'm no baby. I can take care of myself . . ."

"Begin at the beginning, please," Harry interrupted. "If you're no baby, stop acting like one."

She swallowed her tears, straightened her drooping shoulders, and told him her woes. "And don't tell me that if Hank . . . loves me that he wouldn't want to go there without me. You . . . you're too old to . . ."

MARTHA WILSON looked quickly over at Harry, caught his startled glance at her, and thought that at times like these she felt as old as Betty thought them to be. But Harry, despite the seriousness of the moment, gave her a broad smile before turning back to the troubled girl.

Martha thought of the countless books she had read on how to help your adolescent children through their trying years; of the lectures by the learned psychologists; and she knew that none of them really helped because they were vague and general and she had to deal with a specific problem of the individual child. There was just one unfailing source of help, she thought, and she seemed to hear the countless pleas that must ascend to Him from countless other

worried parents. And then she remembered her one attempt to enlist the aid of other mothers. She had decided to call a few of them and ask if they, too, objected to their girls going to such places as the Bluebird Inn. If the parents of several of the girls would take a united stand, it would be so much easier. At least it would obviate the often-heard argument that "everybody else does." She had called Judy's mother first because Judy was such a popular girl. She still flushed in anger and humiliation at the memory of Judy's mother saying, "No. I don't mind if Judy goes there. Heavens, they are only young once, I say, so let them have their fun. Besides, I trust Judy. But perhaps you don't trust Betty." Martha couldn't remember what she had answered; how she had finished the call. But she never thereafter called another parent.

Martha did trust Betty but she thought it a dangerous thing to thrust temptation before girls and boys who had not as yet matured enough to be ever wise and strong. Wisdom and good judgment didn't drop like a mantle on the shoulders of the young as soon as they reached any certain age; they were slowly and painfully acquired by experience. Martha wanted her daughter to grow slowly and carefully toward maturity and not be catapulted into the adult world and its confusion.

She thought of the playroom they had fixed up in the basement when they could ill afford the expenditure necessary for the decorating, the Ping-pong tables, the record player and its terrible hunger for new records; the mountains of sandwiches, cakes, and cookies she had made; all to make a safe, clean place for their children and their friends, to keep them out of such places as the Bluebird Inn. Why did they scorn the simple pleasures? They were all right when they could think of nothing else to do and then they seemed to have fun, good clean fun.

MARTHA brought her thoughts back to the immediate problem and listened as Harry tried to be patient and understanding, but Betty had such a sullen expression on her usually sweet face that it frightened Martha.

"Harry, I wonder if we have been wrong," she said and was aghast at her own voice and what it was saying; but someone else seemed to be speaking for her. "Perhaps it is wrong to forbid Betty's going to any certain place when she has no idea of what we are forbidding. Perhaps she should go and see if it is the type of fun and entertainment she wants."

"Have you lost your mind?" exclaimed Harry in astonishment.

They had always backed each other up in any decision affecting the children. The children knew that a "no" from one parent would be "no" from the other. So, Harry quickly controlled his astonishment and asked, "Just what do you mean?"

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"Just that Betty is sixteen and, as she says, no baby. Perhaps we should let her go once and see what it is like. Then she would understand why we think it is a poor place for her to find entertainment," answered Martha.

"Oh, please, Daddy!" begged Betty.

Harry Wilson sat in thoughtful silence, trying to puzzle out his wife's unexpected reversal. It didn't sound right to him but she had done a fine job with the children so far and her judgment had always been good.

"I'm not sure it is the right thing to do, Betty," he said slowly, "but since your mother thinks it is, I'll go along with her. You can go this time but whether you like it or not, I'll not give you permission to go again until you are older."

"Oh, thanks, Daddy!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms around his neck.

"Just remember this is the only time. Just this once. Hank or no Hank," he stated flatly.

"Yes, Daddy. I understand!" she exclaimed joyfully, and skipped out of the room. In a moment they heard her on the phone.

Harry Wilson looked questioningly at his wife, and she answered the query in his eyes.

"I know it seems all wrong, Harry, but I can't believe that a girl who has been brought up like Betty, in a Christian home with high ideals and principles, and one as pleasant as this, will find much pleasure at a place like the Bluebird Inn. I think it is just because we forbade her going that it has become so important to her. Oh, Harry, I hope that I'm not wrong; that it isn't a colossal mistake."

THE NEXT EVENING Betty was all sparkle and light when Hank called for her. He greeted Martha and Harry easily and pleasantly, as much at home as he was in his own home.

"Sure nice of you to let Betty go to the Bluebird Inn tonight," he said.

Harry Wilson paused thoughtfully before answering. "Well, she says she isn't a baby any more; that she can judge for herself. We are willing to let her prove it," he said.

They were gone in a flurry of high spirits, but there were no high spirits in the Wilson living room. Martha tried to read but couldn't keep her mind on it; the pages were just a confusion of empty words. She glanced covertly at Harry and noticed that he, too, read the same page over and over. The evening dragged along until she could stand it no longer.

"Would you care for a cup of chocolate?" she asked, trying to find something to do.

"No, dear, I don't care for any chocolate. And quit worrying. You know she will be all right. Now that I've had time to think it over, I believe it is a good idea. If she has matured as much as she thinks she has, your daughter will be all right; and if she hasn't, we will just continue being strict

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

Biblegram page 26.

Do not rejoice when your enemy falls,
and let not your heart be glad when
he stumbles;
lest the LORD see it, and be displeased,
and turn away his anger from him.

—PROVERBS 24:17-18

The Words

A Wiener	K Nobody
B Jelly	L Dashed
C Pouch	M Mellow
D Henney	N Estate
E Enlist	O Shaded
F Bantam	P Remote
G Dutiful	Q Thrash
H Larger	R Against
I Mouser	S Owned
J Before	T Hinds
U Neatly	

with her, whether her boy friends like it or not." He put his arm around her shoulders and squeezed them, saying, "It's time the old folks got some sleep."

In a short time, Harry was asleep, but not Martha. The minutes dragged by. They hadn't said anything to Betty about the usual time for her to be home. They wouldn't be likely to be in early from a place like the Bluebird Inn. She twisted and turned, listening for the car. Countless others drove by, the tires whining on the pavement, but none ever stopped.

THEN WITH a wave of relief washing over her, she heard Hank's car drive up and stop. There were a few moments during which small laughs and half sentences floated up to her, then the door opened and shut and light footsteps came up the stairs.

As they passed her door, she couldn't forego her usual question. "Betty, did you have a nice time?"

The young voice floated into the room. "Oh, swell! Dreamy!"

Martha Wilson seemed to collapse. She didn't know just what she had expected; but she knew she had wanted the girl to be disappointed. She wasn't the weeping type of woman but now she was near to tears over the worry and discouragement, the question of how to keep today's children secure and happy amid all the modern temptations. She knew she couldn't talk about it tonight.

Then Harry's arm reached out and pulled her head over on his shoulder while he sleepily called out to his daughter, "So you had a nice time, Baby! The Bluebird Inn is a nice place to go!"

"Oh . . . that," she said casually and somewhat disdainfully. "We went there first. It wasn't so hot. I don't see why you didn't want us to go, though. It's just a lot of noise, smoke, and bad music." Harry held Martha close as their daughter's voice continued. "We didn't stay there long. We went to the show and then to the grill for ham-

burgers and sodas. Most of the gang were there."

Harry seemed afraid to breathe lest he break the magic of the moment. But he had to know. "What about Hank? Wasn't he disappointed about not staying at the Bluebird Inn?"

"Oh, no! He said he would rather be with me any place, even here in our playroom, than at the Bluebird with somebody else."

Martha and Harry Wilson relaxed on their pillows, released from their anxieties, at least until the next crisis arose.

Every Child a 'Problem' Child

(Continued from page 19.)

included Bible stories, nature stories, ethical and humorous stories. Favorites were "The Stingy Boy," and "The Little Brown House," about a house of happy people.

But in Mrs. Gosselink's opinion the program and the equipment were but a means toward developing each child's happiness and individual growth. Fortunately, the other mothers held the same point of view. They shared whatever information they had that might lead to a better understanding of the children's interests and problems, and they gave Mrs. Gosselink free rein to do what she thought best when problems arose.

After about five months with the group, here is Mrs. Gosselink's report on her observations and experiences:

"First, may I tell about my own Max—my primary concern. I am happy to report that he plays well with the group. I do notice, however, that each time a new child joins the group, he has a certain adjustment to make which takes two or three days. I think he sees his turn to do things is being pushed farther away each time. The past few days he has had to be isolated for hitting some of the children. On the whole, his behavior problems are few and minor, such as a tendency to whine at times. He loves his pets and cares for them. He enjoys story time and music. He does exceptionally well as a 'twirler' when he leads the marches."

"Gene is an only child of five and has had to be left with different persons since he was quite small. When he came to the group he was quite shy and would not participate. He could not express himself. His toilet and table habits were very bad. But all of this has been changed. Now he joyously participates in all parts of the program and can direct the other children with confidence and poise. When he leads us in prayer, he often expresses our thanks in such a sincere way that we feel the reality and nearness of God. Gene is my pride and joy, and I love him almost as my own."

"Barbara is three years of age and an only child. Her mother works half days. When she first arrived, she spoke to no one and would not remove her hat

or coat. She was quite aggressive, showing no hesitancy in going after what she wanted, grabbing for anything the others might have. At times, she would bite the other children. She knew no boundaries. I received little or no cooperation. She rarely smiled.

"But Barbara, too, is changing. She now smiles and is happy. Each day it seems easier for her to share. You can often hear her say, 'May I please have that book or bit of clay,' or whatever it is she wishes. She loves pets, both large and small, and loves to care for them. She also enjoys music and is most responsive to it. She sings well; adores acting out a poem, rhyme or story. Does nicely in saying our 'Thank You.' One can see her changing day by day.

"Paul is three and an only child. At first Paul enacted a scene each day on leaving his parents, but this is true no longer. From the first, he was a 'toy snatcher' and 'keeper.' He had been accustomed to having many choice ones at home. He seemed to feel more secure when clinging to them. It took him two weeks to share a toy with a sick boy but at last he 'saw the light' and, holding it out with a smile, said, 'Here, this is for Connaly!'

"Paul would not cooperate with me and often bit the children. Each time he had to sit alone on a chair for five minutes; then he would have a tantrum. But this is not the case any longer. Books are Paul's greatest interest. He enjoys listening to musical rhythms but as yet does not participate with the group in the various activities. So our Paul boy is growing, too, and is proud of his gains.

"Buzzie is four and has a younger brother. He is very nervous and does not feel sure of himself. He frequently bites his fingernails. He struck at me on the first day. I was firm with him, and he has not tried it since and seems to love me just the same. He always hesitates to join in group play, preferring to play alone. He has extreme moods, either timid or aggressive. He is rather hand-minded, and loves to come and show me what he has made. I praise him liberally. He gladly shares his toys. He loves our outdoor walks and any insects or flowers we may discover. Also he enjoys music and play-acting. So Buzzie is on his way, also, and is now much more responsive and cooperative."

Mrs. Gosselink sincerely hopes that the parents of her little group will seek to encourage and foster the growth she has seen taking place within each one of the children, and to feed the worthy interests discovered.

As one listened to Mrs. Gosselink make this report, one could but wish that great hosts of children throughout our nation could have just such experiences as these children were having. It is impossible to estimate the character values which accrue from the give-and-take made necessary in a small social group of this sort, under the patient,

sympathetic, understanding guidance of a Christian mother. Is it too much to dream and hope that a gradually increasing number of mothers will be willing to undertake similar projects? If they will, we guarantee they will experience untold joy and satisfaction for themselves, as well as for those served.

Mrs. Gosselink claims she has discovered anew the truth expressed by the Master Teacher so long ago and found in Matthew 16:25, "Whoever would save his life shall lose it, and whoever shall lose his life for my sake [and as he said at other times, 'for the sake of children'] shall find it."

Dr. Valentine's Heart Clinic

(Continued from page 20.)

the other one is trying to achieve, and as the partners are marching with locked arms it is hard to disagree.

Heart Murmurs. Distribute pencils and paper. In ten minutes' time see who can write the longest list of words or combinations of words that contain the word *heart*, such as sweetheart, heart-broken, wholehearted, heart disease. Ask everyone to do all his thinking aloud.

Dr. Valentine's Diet List. Copies of this list are typed or written on white hearts and distributed before refreshments are served. Do not include the words in parentheses. Ask the patients to guess their foods and then have them exchange papers and read the answers. The hostess then serves as much or as little of this menu as she desires:

<i>Heart Warmer</i> (hot soup)	<i>Cold Calories</i> (ice cream)
<i>A Bit Snappy</i> (crackers)	
<i>Soft Speech</i> (tongue sandwiches)	
<i>Just What You Need</i> (vegetable salad)	
<i>Crocodile Tears</i> (pickled onions)	
<i>A Gentle Hint</i> (bride's cake)	
<i>Neither Tea nor Coffee</i> (hot cocoa)	

Special Exercises to Strengthen Heart Muscles. While the guests are eating, pass around a plate on which heart-shaped slips of paper are neatly arranged. Ask each one to close his eyes and select a heart. On each of these is a prescription, such as: On Valentine's Day write a letter to a friend. Or, On Valentine's Day telephone someone who needs a little extra cheer. Or, Visit a sick friend; ask a friend to attend church with you this month; offer to baby-sit for a hard-working couple. You'll think of other exercises that are good for the heart—and soul! Ask everyone to mail the paper heart to Dr. Valentine as soon as he has done what the doctor ordered.

A Mother's Decision

(Continued from page 14.)

interpreted as laziness. It was when he was working as a telegraph operator on the night shift and spending his days on chemical experiments. The result was that he had to get a little sleep at night when he was on duty. So he rigged a device that would transmit the hourly signal S-I-X which was required at headquarters. He got caught and was fired. It was this reputation for carelessness and not the real thing that nearly won him the blame for a wreck averted only by the alertness of the engineers.

He thought it best to disappear after the incident, however, and he had the good sense to go home for a while. That was a break for his mother.

Al's father thought he was self-centered. And he was. He had never cared to play with other boys. He wasn't much interested in girls or parties or anything like that. Personal appearance bothered him little. His hair would never stay combed even when he sometimes tried to conquer it, and he wore a single suit until it was unwearable any more or until he had ruined it with chemicals. He followed his bent as his mother had taught him to do, and did not give much thought to anything else.

After the period at home, he went back to telegraphy. He found a way to record fast transmissions and later repeat them slowly. This device enabled him to acquire the speed that made him the fastest telegrapher in the New York area. It was about this time that he rigged a gadget to electrocute rats, and later used a double square of tinfoil stripping on the table around his lunch to kill the hordes of cockroaches which tried to storm it during the night.

His fellow "lightning slingers" called him "the boy with the big ideas," but he had done nothing remarkable yet. He had only a sound and solid foundation. Everyone knows what came of such beginnings—the electric light, the phonograph, and hundreds of other inventions. Unlike many geniuses, even in applied science, he had the ability to develop many of his inventions into profitable enterprises. A good example was the first electric light and power company, which he built and struggled with in New York City until it was practical and profitable.

Like Handel, he had a minister's daughter for a mother. She was known for her piety, and it was the cheerful kind, an asset of incalculable importance. Like Handel, also, Edison was the child of his parents' maturity, his mother having been 37 and his father 43 when he was born. Like Handel, too, he was much closer to his mother than he was to his father. His boyhood was rather insulated and solitary, more so than Handel's. His

energy and vitality were like Handel's, as was his intelligent use of money.

Edison's devotion to his mother was so deep and lasting that after she died, at sixty-one, he could hardly talk about her at all. "I did not have my mother long," he once said, "but in that length of time she cast over me an influence which has lasted all my life. The good effects of her early training I can never lose. If it had not been for her appreciation and her faith in me at a critical time in my experience, I should very likely never have become an inventor. . . . She believed that many of the boys who turned out badly . . . would have become valuable citizens if they had been handled in the right way when they were young. . . . I was always a careless boy. . . . But her firmness, her sweetness, her goodness were potent powers to keep me in the right path."

It was Edison who said, also: "My mother was the making of me, she understood me; she let me follow my bent." His father was a better model by far than some biographers have recognized. It generally takes two parents to equip a genius, and their contributions are likely to be complementary.

A Healthy Personality for Your Child

(Continued from page 6.)

to believe the signs when you see them, to grease the ways in the direction they point.

Change . . . Change . . . Change

You will find saying "Yes" comes easy if you have confidence it won't keep your child from growing up.

Youngsters do not want to stay small, no matter how pleasant being a baby may seem. They do not go on wanting the satisfactions a baby gets, no matter how nice babyish things may be. Your child—and every boy and girl—is made with springs inside of him, a motor, a force that pushes him on.

Growth is the normal thing. Growth is the healthy thing. Growth is what a child wants for himself. Not just growth in size. Growth in what he can do. Growth in how he can do it.

If you read your child's signs rightly.

If you grease the ways so that he gets what he needs. . . .

You free him to grow, and that is what a child wants for himself. He wants to keep moving on and on and on in his development. That is the way he becomes himself: an infant today but a walking-running child tomorrow; a play-child today but a work-child tomorrow; a child today but a young adult tomorrow.

You need never fear that if you help

your child get what is important to him he will stay stuck. Work with him so that he gets the growth-essentials that he needs and wants at each stage in his growing up; that is your big job.

Timing

Good timing is the key to the healthy personality. There is one time above all when a youngster can make the greatest use of each growth-essential.

When the timing is off in our grown-up world, we sometimes say: "I need that like I need a hole in my head."

You have a new-born, and fond relatives present you with a playpen. What you need are dozens of extra diapers.

You have a 3-year-old and someone presents you with a precious encyclopedia. What you need are some old magazines your child can tear up.

The big trick is to hit the moment right. Now . . . when the time is ripe. But sometimes the time is too soon, sometimes the time is too late.

Your 2-year-old gets a rattle; he is well past that stage. Your 6-year-old gets a tricycle; he wants a bike now. Your 10-year-old gets an indoor baseball; he has his heart set on a real ball. The right thing at the right time, and it is put to use. A good thing when the time is not ripe, and it must sit on the shelf. The one builds; the other waits.

A child needs certain satisfactions in his growing up when he needs them most. If he gets them he is made stronger. He puts them to work inside of himself. He is more of a person for having them and for using them. He builds on them because they are what he needs at the moment, and he is stronger for the tomorrow.

Let us start at the beginning now and look at children. Let us see how all this works out: The one big hunger each child has most of all at each stage in his growing; how he lets us know; how we can smooth the road so that he gets what he needs.

(Next month Hearthstone will present the second article of the series: "That Sure Feeling: Everything Is O.K.!"

Cousin Tom and the Beanshooter

(Continued from page 27.)

"Well, you keep it out of my way," said Mrs. Poodle.

This suited the cat and squirrel because they did not have to stay in and dry the dishes. They took their new toy outside to try it.

"Jimmy puts a bean in the shooter; then he puts the shooter in his mouth and puffs out his cheeks and lets go—whizz!" said Flippy.

So Cousin Tom put a bean in the shooter, put the shooter in his mouth, puffed out his cheeks and . . . then he began to cough and sputter and dance

around with his face a sky-blue-green color. Flippy pounded him on the back and out popped the bean.

"That won't do," said Tom. "Let's go away from the house where the wind is blowing the other way."

They went over by the rosebush and tried. Slowly Tom got onto how to blow the bean straight and strong, but when he puffed out his cheeks, his eyes shut and he could not see where the bean was going. This was why he shot one bean right through the kitchen window down into Patience Poodle's long, silky ear.

"My, oh my!" yelled Mrs. Poodle. "Doctor, doctor, nurse, fire engine! Help! Help! There's a bumblebee in my ear!"

Tom and Flip wanted to hide where they could laugh, but they knew that the little dog-woman was really scared. So they went in and told her what had happened, and how sorry they were.

"That settles it, Tom," said Mrs. Poodle. "You can just take that shooter right back where you got it. If you don't, I won't come and housekeep any more."

Of course Tom said he would do anything if she would only come and housekeep every day. He was about to put the shooter over his shoulder to carry it away when someone knocked on the door.

"Who is there?" asked Tom.

"I am the dogcatcher," said a deep voice. "There is a poodle dog in there without a license plate. I have come to catch her and put her in my truck."

"Patience Poodle does too have a license plate," said Cousin Tom. "Come, Patience Poodle, show the gentleman your license plate."

But poor Patience Poodle! She had taken off her license plate because of the hot day and now she could not find it.

"Just give me five minutes, Mr. Dogcatcher," pleaded Patience, "and I know I can find it."

"Not a minute!" answered the dogcatcher. "I am a busy man this morning," and he tried to throw his net over Patience.

Then and there, just as if he had taken an idea out of his pocket, Cousin Tom had an idea. He picked up the beanshooter, put in a bean, puffed out his cheeks, and let go—whizz!

The bean hit the dogcatcher right on the end of his nose, and he dropped the net and howled and rubbed his face.

By the time the dogcatcher felt better, Patience had found her license plate, and the dogcatcher said he was sorry, and Cousin Tom said he was sorry, and Patience said she was sorry. So everybody made friends with everybody else.

After the dogcatcher had gone, Patience said, "I spoke too soon, Cousin Tom. You may keep your shooter in the house."

And Tom did, and he found the beanshooter very useful indeed.



Over the Back Fence

Your Family and the United Nations

Hearthstone's editor has just returned from the Cleveland meetings (Oct. 27-30) of the National Conference on the Churches and World Order. The theme for this conference was The Christian Faith and International Responsibility. We participated in the section dealing with the topic, The United States and the United Nations. Out of this experience our conviction that Christian families have a tremendous stake in the United Nations has been strongly confirmed.

Many people are entertaining doubts as to the value of the UN due to the fact that newspapers generally report the wranglings and acrimonious debates in the Council and Assembly more prominently than the constructive actions of UN agencies. We feel that *Hearthstone* should point out some of the achievements accomplished by the UN over the past eight years.

The United States of Indonesia resulted from peaceful arbitration efforts of the UN.

War in the Balkans was prevented by UN efforts in stabilizing the situation there through its aid to Greece.

Facilities have been set up in Palestine and Kashmir that will help to peaceful settlement of perplexing issues in those troubled countries.

Informal conversation in UN halls helped lift the Berlin blockade which threatened the peace of the world.

The countries of Libya, Eritrea, and Somaliland were all aided to attain a measure of independence by the efforts of the UN.

Aggression was stopped in Korea, although the problems there are by no means solved and peace is yet to be made sure.

A Universal Declaration of Human Rights has been given to the world. Although far from being perfectly achieved the ideal has been established for the rights and freedoms of people everywhere.

Mass murder of minorities has been placed under the ban of law in the International Convention for Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide.

A Convention for the Political Rights of Women is before member states of the UN for ratification.

The UN has made strong efforts on the behalf of oppressed groups in South Africa, Bulgaria, Rumania, and Hungary.

The UN offers a sounding board where the oppressed of any nation can speak for the redress of grievances.

The UN has trained and sent out some 1500 specialists who are raising the economic level of life for millions in the underdeveloped areas of the world.

In the light of these facts, even though some are only partial achievements, we heartily agree with this statement coming out of the conference at Cleveland:

"In the providence of God, the United Nations was created in response to the longing of peoples for a just and durable peace. Its work is in many respects directed toward goals which Christians believe to be in accordance with God's will for justice among his children. Christians therefore have a duty to study the issues before the United Nations, and to pray and work for a better fulfillment of the purposes set forth in its Charter."

For a study of the findings of this conference, write to the Department of International Justice and Goodwill, National Council of Churches, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

"Going Straight" Is Dangerous!

When you are driving a high-powered car a straight highway is more dangerous than a "curvy" one. In 1952, 81.7 per cent of all fatal traffic accidents were the result of cars traveling on a straight road. Don't let that lovely, smooth, wide, open stretch of pavement lull you into thinking it isn't dangerous! It is; as 30,720 fatalities and 1,444,190 injuries testified to in 1952.

How to Use Hearthstone

In the Home

Read *Hearthstone* for individual enjoyment and enrichment.

Read its stories in the family circle in the evening.

Use the devotional pages with children four to eight years old.

When your children and their playmates get too noisy, read the children's story.

Use the suggestions for recreation to increase your family's sense of fellowship.

In the Church School

Teachers will find *Hearthstone* useful in illustrating the lessons they teach.

Church school workers will find it helpful in gaining a better understanding of the pupils they teach.

Class recreation leaders will find it a valuable source of recreation suggestions.

Many of its "Make-It-Yourself" articles will provide suggestions which can be used as class projects for helping others.

In Visiting Shut-Ins

Hearthstone provides a very helpful link between the church and the shut-ins.

Taken by the church visitor each month it will bring joy and inspiration to many.

It can provide a helpful point of contact with church members whose work prevents regular attendance.

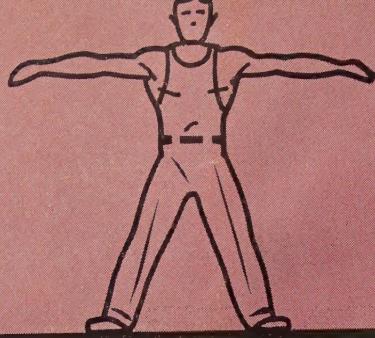
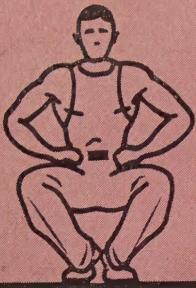
Visitors who may be shy in approaching homes in which they have never visited will be helped.

In the Community

Hearthstone provides the church with a means of interesting new families coming to the community.

It can be placed in community libraries by the church or church school classes to lift up Christian family life.

By placing it in the various waiting rooms of professional men and community agencies it speaks the message of the church.



KEEPING FIT

I

In a variety of ways—through cleanliness, dress, diet, work and recreation, and with the help of our "daily dozen" exercises—we strive to keep

our bodies fit . . . and this is a good thing.

How much the more do our souls need tending!

Through our daily devotions—alone or with the family—we are cleansed at the fount of blessing,

we put on the garments of praise, we feast on the Bread of Life, rest on the Word of God, and

go forth to the exercise of Christian graces.

So are we made fit for the Kingdom of God.

The Secret Place is our daily reminder and guide for three whole months of spiritual refreshment.

With suggested Bible reading, key verse, daily

experience of a fellow Christian, and brief

prayer, it is a ration to last the day.

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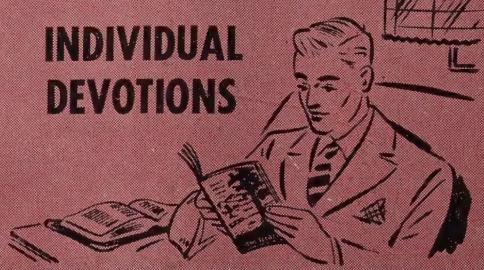
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*For bodily exercise profiteth little:
but godliness is profitable unto
all things, having promise of the
life that now is, and of that
which is to come.*

1 Timothy 4:8

INDIVIDUAL DEVOTIONS

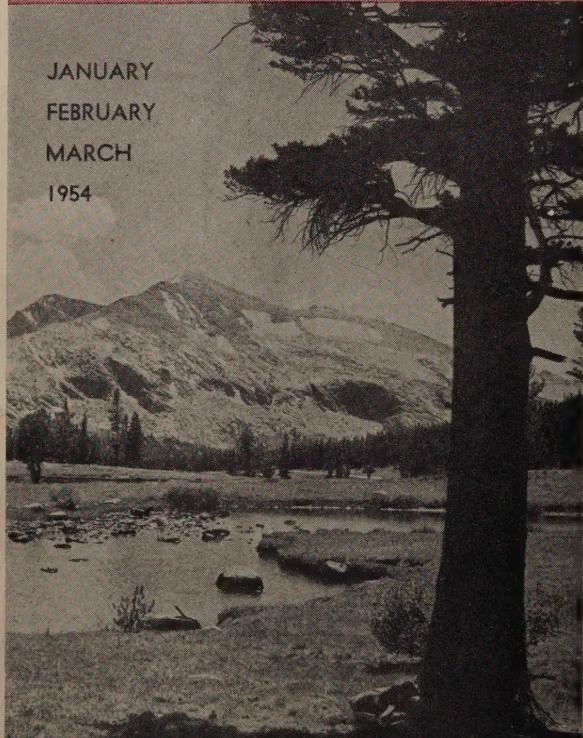


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THE SECRET PLACE

DAILY DEVOTIONS FOR INDIVIDUAL AND FAMILY USE

FAMILY DEVOTIONS

